Week ending December 27 1958

# JOHN BULL *and* ILLUSTRATED

EVERY WEDNESDAY 4½d

## Memoirs of Lord MONTGOMERY

## DO YOU WALK IN YOUR SLEEP?

## Denise Egerton's sparkling new novel

The story of a BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

# GRAND Christmas and New Year Film Competition

**1**

Throughout the years, I have based my film themes and stories to attract the young and the young-in-heart—in fact, the whole family. This Christmas . . . . Family time, I am happy to announce ten more pictures that will keep the family going along together—to the pictures. Watch for them!

Walt Disney

**2**

THE RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS

**NORMAN WISDOM**

**the square peg** U

THE NEWS THE ENEMY DREADED — WISDOM'S JOINED THE ARMY!

with HONOR BLACKMAN · EDWARD CHAPMAN

Original Screenplay by Jack Davies

Directed by John Paddy Carstairs

Produced by Hugh Stewart

**Principal Cities from DEC 28th · N.W. LONDON from JAN 4th**
**N.E. LONDON from JAN 11th · SOUTH LONDON from JAN 18th**

THE RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS

**HOWARD KEEL** **ANNE HEYWOOD**

**FLOODS of FEAR** A

She heard only one word above the roar of the floods — and spoken of the man she loved — *MURDERER!*

with HARRY H. CORBETT · JOHN CRAWFORD and **CYRIL CUSACK**

SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES CRICHTON PRODUCED BY SYDNEY BOX DIRECTED BY CHARLES CRICHTON

**N.W. LONDON from DEC 28th · N.E. LONDON from JAN 4th**
**SOUTH LONDON from JAN 11th · Principal Cities from DEC 28th**

**3**

**HERE'S CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY—FROM COLUMBIA!**

COLUMBIA PICTURES present

**JACK HAWKINS · GIA SCALA**

**The TWO-HEADED SPY** U

THE BRITISH MASTER SPY WHO BECAME HITLER'S FAVOURITE GENERAL!

with ERIK SCHUMANN · ALEXANDER KNOX · FELIX AYLMER

NOW ON RELEASE

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

**DANNY KAYE · CURT JURGENS**
**NICOLE MAUREY**
**ME AND THE COLONEL** U

FRANCOISE ROSAY · AKIM TAMIROFF
MARTITA HUNT · ALEXANDER SCOURBY
A COURT-GOETZ PICTURE

NATIONAL RELEASE STARTS DEC. 22

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

**JAMES STEWART ★ KIM NOVAK**
**BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** U

co-starring
**JACK LEMMON ★ ERNIE KOVACS**
HERMIONE GINGOLD ★ ELSA LANCHESTER ★ JANICE RULE

TECHNICOLOR.

NATIONAL RELEASE STARTS DEC. 29

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ON these pages are six advertisements numbered 1-6. Study them carefully. Now select from the list of eighteen lettered phrases below *that* phrase which best fits Advertisement No. 1 in £50 FREE coupon on opposite page. Continue similarly with the other FIVE advertisements: find for each the phrase from list which fits it best and fill in on coupon the key letter of that phrase.

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E. Holiday programme with something for everybody.
F. Laughs . . . thrills . . . it's got everything!
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I. See what these stars hold for *you*!
J. Simply killing—really thrilling!
K. Snares—and a delusion.
L. Such a wonderful couple!
M. Take your pick—and take your family!
N. The man they're after.
O. Trickery in uniform.
P. Want a happy lot? Take your family to these!
Q. What a wonderful double!
R. You want fun? Here's more—and still more!

# Don't take your family for granted-

4

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5

## RELEASED BOXING DAY!

'CRACKERJACK WESTERN OF LAUGHTER AND THRILLS' – News of the World

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'KENNETH (+ JAYNE) WILL BUST YOUR FUNNY-BONE' – Daily Sketch

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CUT HERE 1.F.A. *Dec. 27*

**Take a long laughing look at Tony Curtis... who taught Paris something new about love!**

IN

# Strictly For Pleasure

A

**Tony CURTIS** **Janet LEIGH**

Meet the "Proxy Lover" for 104 lonesome snow-bound soldiers...

KEENAN WYNN ELAINE STRITCH

**IT'S THE MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE AT YOUR CINEMA OVER THE HOLIDAYS!**

**Linda CRISTAL**

CINEMASCOPE Eastman COLOUR

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

6

## Shiner's up to his old tricks again...

having fun with those

# GIRLS at SEA

U

GUY ROLFE
ALAN WHITE · MICHAEL HORDERN AND
RONALD SHINER COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR

**GENERAL RELEASE NOW!**

and introducing third "Girls at Sea" ANNE KIMBELL NADINE TALLIER and MARY STEELE

**GENERAL RELEASE JANUARY 19th**

# I was MONTY'S DOUBLE

U

Presented by ASSOCIATED BRITISH

STARRING **JOHN MILLS**

AND **CECIL PARKER**

introducing CLIFTON JAMES as himself and Monty's Double

with MICHAEL HORDERN · LESLIE PHILLIPS

BRYAN FORBES DIRECT MARIUS GORING

*take them out to the "pictures"*

JOHN BULL
and ILLUSTRATED
189 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 DEC. 27, 1958
VOLUME 104 NUMBER 2739

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# The Cover

HERE'S a wife whose dreams are coming true, and a husband who will be congratulated on his good taste—and his courage in venturing alone into the lingerie shop. And he'll smile and admit that when a couple of men from the office saw him hovering in the entrance, he'd had to do some fast talking that didn't entirely convince them. But, says artist Heseltine, one thing will stay secret between this husband and Santa Claus: he lost his nerve and his secretary did the buying.



# Free Speech

**JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."**

## Ahead Of Jones

I HAVE read a lot of criticism lately about the practice of "keeping up with the Joneses." As a confirmed "keeper-upper," I find this hard to understand.

I frankly admit that it is my aim in life to have a bigger house, longer car, fatter bank balance, larger TV and more expensive clothes than any of my acquaintances.

At the moment I am ahead on three of these counts. But even so, my sense of superiority, as my possessions are envied, makes life very pleasant. Is this bad?—GEORGE PLANT, Church Road, Sheldon, Birmingham, 26.

## Ordered Off

My eight-year-old daughter was riding her scooter on the pavement. Then a policeman came along and ordered her to scoot on the road, saying that she might knock someone down.

I thought that children should be encouraged to play on the pavement. It is far safer than the road. —D. M., Norwich.

*"It's forbidden for anyone to ride a wheeled vehicle on the pavement," says a barrister. "The policeman was certainly acting within his legal rights."*

## Lonely Men

I went to see my M.P. at one of his monthly "at home to constituents" sessions. It was a depressing experience, for he and his agent were sitting alone. I felt obliged to mention that they did not seem busy.

Sadly, the M.P. said: "Years ago people came to see us in dozens. But now they seem afraid to meet us."

Afraid? I feel sure that my M.P. is wrong about that. It is not fear. Rather is it because constituents have lost faith in their political representatives—both inside and outside the House of Commons.—G. K., London.

## "It's Progress"

The article on animal experiments (JOHN BULL, November 22) gives a very fair analysis of the problem.

Both my wife and I are licensed to experiment on animals. We carry out such experiments as humanely as possible and will never use one more animal than is absolutely necessary.

Propaganda from anti-vivisectionists offers a false picture of the position in Britain today. For instance, a research worker studying a question of nutrition might decide to feed rats on carrots. This would be considered an experiment, and ultimately it would figure among the "two million cruel experiments performed annually."

A simple injection, even given under anaesthetic, is also an "experiment" for record purposes.

Misplaced sympathy is given for well-cared-for and invariably well-fed laboratory animals. It would be better directed towards wild animals, wantonly and cruelly treated by badger diggers, otter hunters, stag and fox huntsmen. And how about domestic pets which suffer through indifference and ignorance?

For professional reasons I must ask you not to publish my name.—M. B., London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.

. . . When aged fifteen I worked at an animal research station. I wept for the creatures due to die. Now I look at my pet dog and know he would gladly suffer pain to save my son's life.—G. HOLT, Reach, Cambs.

## Deep Sleep

A few months ago I had two major operations and I was amazed by the remarkably efficient and speedy anaesthetics used. There was just

one slight prick with the needle—and I knew no more. However, when having a tooth extracted under a general anaesthetic, I was amazed by the difference. An almost suffocating rubber mask was put on my face. I heard the hiss of the gas leaving the cylinder. And it took an incredibly long time for me to become unconscious.

Why cannot dentists give a jab with a needle, instead of using methods which are so far behind the times?—G. M. BARRETT, Chatteris, Cambs.

*"For some dental operations the hypodermic needle is used," says the British Dental Association. "But in the ordinary way, gas is preferable as a light general anaesthetic because it does not leave unpleasant after effects.*

*"Not many patients resent the mask. When one hears complaints that the gas takes a long time to act, it is usually because the patient is highly nervous and struggling against it."*

## Easy Going

Britain now has a motor road from which pedestrians, cyclists and slower members of the wheeled fraternity are banned.

Before it is too late and they are obliterated by the march of progress, it would be a pleasant gesture if some of our delightful country lanes were signposted "No Motorists."

Then perhaps those of us who really love the unspoiled countryside would be able to travel in peace at whatever slow speed suited us.—J. WILLIAMS, Heaton Street, Denton, Manchester.

## Those Devils . . .

I am appalled after reading "The Young Devils" (JOHN BULL, November 22 and 29). No wonder teachers are in short supply.—S. M. R., Birmingham, 7.

. . . Discipline was non-existent when I tried kindness in class. But strictness worked. Children have no respect for teachers who let them do as they like.—D. S. WILLIAMS, Sandfields, Port Talbot, Glamorgan.

. . . Why is there such calm in school manual workrooms and such chaos in ordinary classes? It is because the less gifted child needs the challenge of reality to exercise his abilities. The "Three Rs" should be handmaids to reality where general ability is low.—W. M. A. J., Limerick.

. . . I am a school clerk and I would like to write a book about masters entitled "The Old Devils." —CYNTHIA M. MAWBEY, Hampden Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.

## With Dignity

This really happened—an example of British aplomb. . . .

The train stopped outside the station. A business man, who had been reading a newspaper got up and opened one of the carriage doors. He then stepped out—falling the considerable distance on to the track.

Calmly, he picked himself up. With dignity, he climbed back into the carriage. With a smile, he apologized to his fellow travellers. "The wrong side," he explained.

Then he opened the opposite

door. Again he stepped out. And again he fell on to the track.—MRS. GWEN BARNES, Arnos Road, New Southgate, London, N.11.

## Giving A Hoot

There are far too many motorists who rely on the horn first and the brakes last. So, in the interest of road safety, I would abolish motor horns.

Much of the hooting we hear is intended to scare old people out of the way.

Of course, it is right that fire engines and ambulances have their own particular warning devices, for they are used to help humanity.—A. S., Cumberland.

*"We do not think that the use of the horn is abused," says the Ministry of Transport. "We regard it as a valuable safety appliance in cases of emergency."*

## Tile Trouble

When two tiles broke on the roof of my five-year-old bungalow, I could not identify the makers. Later I found that the same size is no longer produced. Why not have identification marks and standardized sizes?—D. A. GREEN, Cheam, Surrey.

*"A builder should be able to identify any tile on sight without need for markings," says the Building Research Station. "Sizes may go out of production, but reserves are usually held."*

# The Pipstead letters

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Miss Meadle was number one suspect in the poison pen scandal. Nobody realized that Cupid had a hand in it too

"WELL, Mr. Weatherby," said Miss Meadle, "you're the first person that's spoken to me—except for the wireless—in three days." She put her somewhat wispy face at an aggressive angle. "I don't care," she added. "I despise them all."

At the time of this conversation she was standing in the front garden of her bungalow, which was in Cross Street in the town of Pipstead Montague, a tight little community of five thousand souls in the fruit-growing district of the Vale of Caffley.

Mr. Weatherby, proprietor of the Righto Garage on the main road, leaned on her close-boarded fence in his neat white overalls and watched her closely. They made a notable contrast, these two. He was a lumpy sort of man, thick-necked and heavy shouldered, balding, with a round face and a short though vigorous moustache—a plain extrovert.

Miss Meadle was slight and indeterminate; with her colourless complexion and rather untidy mid-shade hair, she seemed altogether a person seen slightly out of focus; one who had allowed the world to pass her by.

It was at the time when the Pipstead poison letters were at their worst. Every so often some community, usually rural, is pestered by an anonymous letter writer who pours out to the neighbours venomous scandal about themselves; there was now such a person in Pipstead Montague.

The letters were in green ink, signed only with a blot shaken off the pen, and they said the vilest things. They accused the curate of being a wife-beater, declared Doctor Ryburn a drug addict, cast doubt on the paternity of several pupils at the primary school, gave the most horrifying account of what went on at the youth club, and

# The Pipstead letters

*continued from previous page*

were generally calculated to sow suspicion and to generate anger.

A number of people had been to Sergeant Swann about it. He was the chief local representative of the county constabulary and they spoke disparagingly about him in the town because he had failed to make an arrest. This was quite unpardonable, because everyone knew who had written the letters. . . .

"Despising people's no good," Bill Weatherby told Miss Meadle. "That won't help either you or them."

"It's a relief, though," she said. "I suppose you, like everybody else, think I wrote those letters?"

"You know what they say about circumstantial evidence," said Bill carefully. "Liz Canning saw the bottle of green ink in your kitchen. Besides, it fits the kind of person you are."

"Mr. Weatherby," said Miss Meadle tartly, "I despise you, too. I don't intend to stay here to be insulted. I——"

"Take it easy," said Bill. "You let me talk. I reckon I know as much about psychology as one or two that've got their brass plates in Harley Street. I dare say I can help you. Come now: we were kids together back in Miss Cutler's class in Bridge Lane—let's talk it over sane and sensible. Don't you want to know why I think it fits you?"

Miss Meadle thought for a moment. "All right," she said. "Tell me."

"You know," said Bill, "you were a lively little kid back in those Bridge Lane days. And later. I never thought you'd come to this."

"Come to what? If you're insinuating. . . ."

"PLEASE don't interrupt," said Bill. "Place yourself entirely in the hands of the psychiatrist and listen.

"It all started when your poor mother took ill. You nursed her, didn't you, and ran the house for her and looked after your father. And then she died, God rest her, and you had to carry on with things.

"And when your father died last September, that left you by yourself, didn't it? I reckon that was a bit of a shock to a young woman who'd been a drudge about the house ever since she was seventeen."

"I only did my duty," said Trudy.

"I don't deny it," agreed Bill. "But look what you did to yourself. You're an old maid before your time, Trudy. You're shut in. You've forgotten how to enjoy yourself or how to look as if you ever might want to. You're about the only woman under seventy in the whole county who never uses any lipstick, and *that* turns you into a mealy-faced matron for a start. You dress as if you were a permanent mourner at a non-stop funeral."

"How dare you say such things?"

"And so," went on Bill, "your subconscious just naturally gets cluttered up with nasty thoughts about the people who get the fun out of life you've missed all these years.

"Never mind the bottle of green ink in your kitchen—there isn't anyone in Pipstead half as repressed or old before their time as you are; as a poison-pen suspect, you stand out a mile."

"This is too much!" cried Miss Meadle wildly.

"Now, now!" said Bill soothingly. "Just relax and listen to the doctor. I've given you the diagnosis: now for the treatment. I can cure you. All you've got to do is to force yourself to go out and meet people and have some fun. You're not over thirty, there's still time. If you do as I say, in no time you'll have that old subconscious as clear as a bell and you'll never want to write rude letters in green ink again."

"Meet people!" cried Miss Meadle bitterly. "How can I when nobody in Pipstead will even speak to me?"

"Well, *I* speak to you, at any rate," said Bill. "Strictly as doctor to patient, of course. But I wouldn't be much use as a doctor if the treatment I prescribed wasn't available, would I? So I'll make it available. We might as well begin it tonight.

"Miss Meadle," he said, "Trudy . . . I'll call for you at seven. We'll drive across to the Goblin's Ring on the Camchester by-pass; they never heard of Pipstead there, and they play that South American stuff. A quiet little dinner and a bottle of wine. I know it'll be difficult, but we'll do our damnedest to force ourselves to enjoy it instead of thinking it's all a sinful waste of time and money. You be ready at seven."

"The very idea! I wouldn't dream for one moment——"

"Don't be crazy," said Bill. "Seven o'clock sharp!" He waved and walked off down the street to his petrol pumps.

He left Ermyntrude Meadle dizzy and confused. It was wicked of him to say such things and then to mock her with this pretended invitation—it was unthinkable that he could really mean it. It was absurd to think of herself at the Goblin's Ring, that swank roadhouse. And drinking wine, too!

Of all his gibes, his remark about her dressing for a funeral disturbed her the most. A little later she got out an old red dress a cousin had once given her; it was in excellent condition for a cast-off but she had never dared to wear anything so terrifyingly conspicuous.

She was still staring at herself in the wardrobe mirror when Bill Weatherby knocked at the door and, after only the briefest wait, opened it and walked in.

"Ready?"

"I don't know what you mean. I'm not going to any. . . ."

"That's why you changed your dress, I suppose," said Bill. "Let's have a look. Yes, it suits you. Red's your colour all right, only you haven't got enough of it. But we'll soon put that right. Hold still a minute."

He produced a little gilt tube. Ermyntrude retreated down the hall.

"Mr. Weatherby!" she exclaimed. "Whatever are you trying to do?"

"All part of the treatment," Bill said. "I know you hate being conspicuous, and you'd be very conspicuous at the Goblin's Ring without this. You don't know what I went through to get it: me, a hardened bachelor, spending ten minutes at Marlowe's shop choosing just the right shade of lipstick. Put your face up a little."

"Oh, but really I. . . ."

He took her chin firmly in his large hand and it was hardly possible for her to move or speak until he had applied the lipstick.

"The finishing touch!" Bill said. "Now let's go."

"You're a vile man," she said. "You come here and insult me and humiliate me. You know I couldn't come to the Goblin's Ring; it's some joke."

"If you think that," he said, "why don't you come, just to spite me?"

"All right, then," cried Trudy Meadle, "I will."

At the time she had some bemused idea that she was calling his bluff; she was very astonished when he propelled her out of the house and with every appearance of great satisfaction drove her eleven miles to the Goblin's Ring.

Trudy Meadle continued to be astonished. She reached the roadhouse feeling that she looked a lost woman in her red dress and smeared mouth, and ready to resent almost anything; she was determined to regard the whole place and everyone in it with hostility.

So she did, at first, but somehow she wasn't able to keep it up. Perhaps it was the exciting click and clatter of Latin American music, the bottle of Burgundy, or perhaps the way Bill spoke of the old carefree days at Bridge Lane, that weakened her miserable resolution. Whatever the reason, she found herself assuming frames of mind and attitudes of thought she had long forgotten. To her utter amazement, she enjoyed herself.

Bill drove her home and left her at her door. "Can't make the cure in five minutes," he said. "I suppose you'll want to sit up and write a letter or two, even at this hour. But the urge'll wear off as we go on with the treatment. I'll call for you same time Friday and we'll go across and see the rep company at Camchester. I don't know what they're doing, but they're always good."

"Well, really, Bill, I don't think——"

"Seven o'clock Friday," he said. "Oh, by the way, they tell me that Iris's saloon at Clavering is about the tops in these parts for ladies' hairdressing. The bus drops you right at the door. Good night, Trudy."

TRUDY resented the hint, but she nevertheless acted upon it the following day. She had a little money which her father had left her and had guarded it carefully; but at Clavering that day she spent with a recklessness that rather frightened her . . . a new dress, thin stockings, shoes with higher heels than she had ever worn before, even lingerie.

Of course she enjoyed the theatre; she hadn't been to one since she was a child. And the treatment continued. Two evenings a week and sometimes at weekends, Bill called for her and they went out together: to the Goblin's Ring; the golf club ball at Clavering; a polo match at Quaver Park; Chong's Chinese Restaurant at Brewcastle; Antonio's at Camchester; the lounge bar of the Dragon at Rue; the Mid-County Agricultural Show; any place at all but Pipstead.

It was certainly an intensive treatment.

FROM time to time Bill referred to the letters in green ink, until there came an occasion when Trudy met him on her doorstep waving an envelope at him triumphantly.

"I've had one myself, a poison letter," she cried. "I simply daren't let you read it. The things it says about us!"

"All poison-pen people," said Bill solemnly, "write letters to themselves; it's a known fact. Let me see." He read it and giggled. "I don't know how you can possibly write things like that; you know our relationship is simply that of doctor and patient. It looks as if we'll have to go on with the treatment for quite a time. Come on, we'll go to Antonio's."

By this time the treatment was having a noticeable effect both on Miss Meadle and on Pipstead. Every day Trudy was becoming less and less the vague-mannered, indeterminate-coloured, uncertain-aged imitation of an old maid. She not only wore different clothes and made careful use of cosmetics—it was a landmark when, without prompting, she began to put on nail varnish—but new expressions began to appear on her face. Younger and franker ones.

And who had brought about this wonderful change? That was what Bill Weatherby asked himself when he looked at the remarkably handsome woman who had been rescued from solitary homeliness. And he was proud of his work.

As for Pipstead, when it really grasped the fact that Miss Meadle could enjoy

*continued on page 24*

# MAKING THE MOST OF IT

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

For twelve days and nights
The Christmas Tree that I bought
last year
Stood unwatered and under-
nourished
In a flower-pot in my drawing-
room.
How could we know what it felt,
Hung with coloured balls and tinsel,
Gifts and candles;
Being pulled and poked
and fingered
By eager children;
Wreathed with smoke from cigars
and cigarettes,
Fumes of wine and punch?

When the Feast was over
I took a chance
And carefully replanted the tree
in my garden,
Tenderly spreading the parched
and aching roots.
Not daring to think he might grow.
But he did.

Now, this year, he comes into
the house again,
Like an old servant called back
for a special occasion,
Glad to be made use of,
Beaming upon the company from
the serving table.

Of course I am not sure I have
done the right thing.
He may catch cold, or catch warm
(which is worse!)
For it can't be good for trees to
be dug up annually
And draped with "frost" and
tinsel,
Gleaming balls and candles,
And made to stand in a room for
twelve days and nights.
*We* shouldn't like it if we were
Christmas trees!

The only thing to do is to give him
a third chance
And hope he'll take it.

# Sarah the rebel comes home

by JEROME HOOD

A stubborn redhead fought a lifelong battle to escape the glory of her father's name. Now Sarah Churchill is back from exile—to stake her own claim to fame

When Sarah Churchill returned to Britain in March this year for her last — and so far most successful—attempt to settle in her native country, friends said she would never stick it. She began energetically to prove them wrong.

For a start she zealously furnished the £6,500 house in Maida Vale that her mother had bought for her. She told the family she would be available for "missions" (and went on one for her father, Sir Winston, to Israel in May). She also went to see her agent, Al Parker, to ask for work.

Parker went into action, but managed to turn up only one offer—for a one-week guest appearance in Rattigan's *Variation On A Theme* with the Worthing repertory company. It was a meagre offer for an actress who had starred on Broadway, played opposite Fred Astaire in a film, and who bore a world-famous name: Parker put it to her hesitantly, expecting ructions.

There were no ructions. Sarah Churchill looked over the part—of Rose Fish, a consumptive *demi-monde* frittering away her last months on drink and lovers—accepted it immediately, and made a single wry comment. "At least Rose Fish and I have one thing in common—we both know how to burn our scandals at both ends."

## Wayward daughter

The comment and her ready acceptance of the offer are typical of Sir Winston Churchill's most wayward daughter. She has never demanded special treatment either for her talents or the family name, and has her father's ability to joke in the face of adversity.

In the previous year there had been plenty of adversity. In June she had made an unsuccessful attempt to settle in Britain. In August her husband had committed suicide. In January she had been arrested for drunkenness. And in February she had been in a nursing home for general exhaustion and emotional strain.

After such a year, friends suggested that she should retire into private life to spare her own nerves and her parents' feelings. Sarah Churchill (known in her family as "Mule") thought otherwise.

Explaining to a fellow actress her belief that the only way to rehabilitate herself was by appearing before the public, she added: "All my happiest associations are with the theatre. I've tried hard to make my mother understand that."

Friends say that Lady Churchill *didn't* entirely understand. Mule went her own way anyway. She opened at Worthing in October, scoring such a success that the play was extended for another week. By the end of the run, she had been offered the main part in a film *Serious Charge*, the name rôle in *Peter Pan*, and two West End plays.

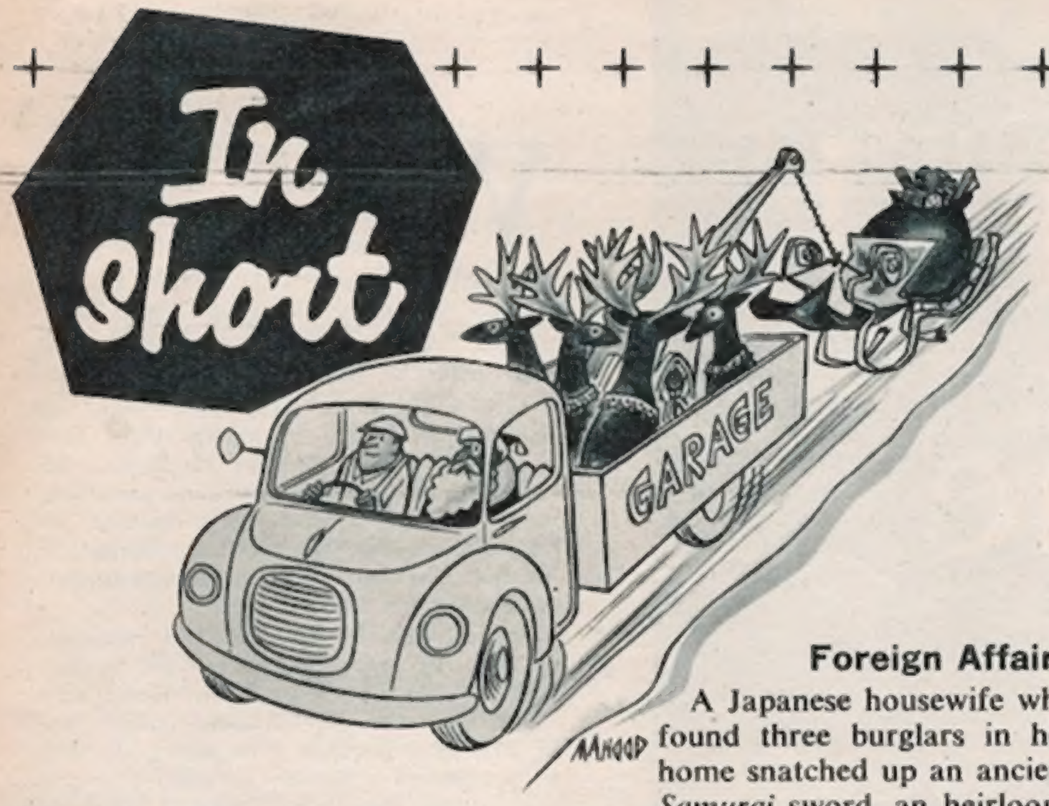
## Impish victory

A slight, young-looking forty-four, with red hair, grey-green eyes and her father's impish grin, Sarah Churchill is used to snatching victory out of defeat in her professional life. Once, unable to obtain work on the New York stage, she joined a travelling stock company and barnstormed her way across America for sixteen exhausting weeks in the play *The Philadelphia Story*.

Her performance so electrified small-town critics that she received offers from Hollywood, and made the film *Wedding Bells* with Fred Astaire. Later she starred on Broadway.

Her private life has been less successful. One reason is the chip she carries on her shoulder at being her father's daughter. "She's always wanted to make her own way in the world," says a woman who has known her for many years. "This is why she preferred living in America. It's also why she has always mixed with people who don't 'belong' in the family circle. She is a natural rebel."

Mule's marriages have caused more fireworks in the family than any other




### Afterglow

I'll dream o' nights of Christmas lights
And thrill to carols long since sung;
But most of all, I will recall
The taste of glue upon the tongue.

BOBETTE TOBY

### Note From The Head

The little exhibition we hold at the end of the term is intended to let parents see what their children have been doing in the Art Class. I am sorry you feel annoyed that we did not use the elaborate frames you sent for Henrietta's pictures; it would not be fair to let one child be framed and not the rest.

The best pictures were hung on the blackboard and Henrietta's chicken had quite a good position. Special lighting, as you suggest, would not, I think, have done as much for them as you hope.

Your complaint that the mistress supervising the show made no attempt to sell Henrietta's work is misconceived. You are quite right in saying that the big picture dealers in London can make the reputation of a young painter and no doubt you will be applying for their help in due course; but we do not feel ourselves competent to imitate them.

I doubt whether you are right in thinking that customers would be attracted if the school exhibited in the park like the local Art Club. I think there would have to be a stronger lure than even Henrietta's pictures would provide to tempt the public to visit an outdoor exhibition in our climate.

R. G. G. PRICE

**Light Fight**

Push-button warfare is here.
See a teenagers' dance, if you scoff,
With parents turning the lights on
And teenagers turning them off.

RICHARD ARMOUR

### Sally's Tea Party

It was only when she began counting, said Sally, that panic really struck, because what had started as a simple do-drop-in-for-tea had somehow turned into a mammoth party for fourteen children (ages two to eleven) and eight grown-ups. And even with all the tooth mugs and the smaller flower vases, and the nursing chair and piles of cushions, she thought they'd still be swigging straight out of the milk bottle and sitting on the floor.

But at least she made sure that they wouldn't starve if she could help it. She made three dozen jam tarts, forty orange jellies, two iced cakes and goodness knows how many chocolate buns, sardine sandwiches and egg, banana and cress ditto—with special savoury *pâté* ones for the parents.

Apart from the fact that the children were so overcome by the sight of so much food that they'd hardly touch a thing except the *pâté* sandwiches, and spent the rest of the afternoon being rocket men hurtled from one side of the room to the other, it was a fairly successful tea party.

But after living on jelly and chocolate buns for a fortnight, Sally said next time she'd give a space-ship party, and they could all be strapped into their seats and be fed on vitamin pills and water through tubes. As far as she could see it would go down just as well.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

### Foreign Affairs

A Japanese housewife who found three burglars in her home snatched up an ancient *Samurai* sword, an heirloom, and went for the men. She caught two of them. The third escaped—and went to the police, pleading to be put in protective custody.

Two rivals for the hand of a woman at Teramo, Italy, held an eating contest to decide whose bride she should be. Told that each suitor had consumed three plates of spaghetti, twenty sausages, ten eggs in sauce, a whole roast chicken, half a cake and sixteen steaks (the winner seventeen), the woman shuddered and said: "All this proves that one of you is almost as greedy as the other. I shall not marry either."

# Sarah the rebel comes home

*continued from previous page*

of her activities. Lady Churchill, in particular, was bitterly opposed to both of them, and withdrew her objections only when it was obvious that her daughter's mind was made up.

After Sarah married Tony Beauchamp, the photographer, in October, 1949, her mother, in an effort to get her to settle down, bought her a house in Ebury Street, Pimlico, as a wedding present. The effort did not succeed. When Beauchamp went to America on business, Sarah went with him. Within months she had returned to the stage.

Sarah's marital difficulties with Tony Beauchamp saddened—and puzzled—everyone who knew them. "Right to the end, despite everything, they were still deeply in love," says Beauchamp's mother, Mrs. Vivienne Entwhistle, the society photographer known professionally as Vivienne. "Perhaps they were too much in love for the wear and tear of their lives."

Trouble began in America, where Sarah achieved a tremendous success, and Beauchamp did not. When he returned to this country, she stayed. On the occasions when she did slip over to London, there were recriminations. Once when she flew in, Beauchamp flew out—to Paris, "on business," he said. By 1956 they were openly living apart.

## Cameo of tragedy

A few days before he took a fatal overdose of drugs in 1957, Beauchamp, wandering round his mother's drawing-room, picked up a miniature of his wife lying on a small table and examined it intently. He said he thought it the best likeness of her he had ever seen.

Before he put it down again, his mother recalls, he kissed the miniature, saying aloud: "Darling Sarah, I shall never love anyone but you."

Sarah's relations with her mother-in-law have always been excellent, and Mrs. Entwhistle says of her: "I could never hold her to blame for the tragedy that befell my dear son. She was a wonderful daughter-in-law, loyal, affectionate and considerate."

After Beauchamp's death, Sarah renounced all claims to his estate, which included a valuable photographic collection, in favour of his mother. When she got the part of Peter Pan a few weeks ago, she arranged for Vivienne's studio to take the stage photographs.

Her interest in work is all-absorbing. When M-G-M offered her a lucrative seven-year contract after her success in the Fred Astaire film, she inquired who else they had on contract, found that there were two other British red-heads—Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr—and turned it down.

"I didn't think I'd get much of a look-in when real work came along," she says. "I wasn't interested merely in drawing the money."

Her wish to be known as an actress and not as "the daughter of anybody" is well understood by Sir Winston. And probably the person she loves best in the world is her father. There has always been strong sympathy between them, and she could always count on his support even for her more extreme actions. In return, she has always been ready to drop everything and go to him when he needed her.

Once she cried off an important television date and flew to the South of France when he was ill. "I can't imagine myself living in, and I don't want to live in, a world where he is not," she told an American writer. "He is the rock, the bulwark."

Sir Winston has frequently acted as peacemaker in the family. When Sarah made her British comeback at Worthing, he saw to it that the whole family turned out in force. He also did his own modest best to provide her with an audience by booking third-row stalls for himself, Lady Churchill, his sister-in-law, his private detective, and his secretary.

Offstage, Sarah Churchill is a relaxed, quiet person—"one of the best listeners I know," a male friend says. She lives by herself in the three-bedroomed Maida Vale house, looked after by a Hungarian maid.

Sarah Churchill began acting when she was nineteen, using the name of Sarah Smith to stifle family objections and to avert criticism that she was trading on the Churchill name. Charles B. Cochran, who brought her to the West End as one of his Young Ladies in the review *Follow The Sun*, persuaded her to revert to her real name. Uncertain of her acting abilities, she hesitated to do this until another member of the company lavishly praised her performance. Her admirer was Vic Oliver, the comedian.

She accompanied the show to New York in the winter of 1936, writing to her parents that she had fallen in love with Oliver, and meant to marry him. Her brother Randolph was at once dispatched to bring her home. Mule refused to go. She married Oliver in New York on Christmas Eve.

In the early days of the war she toured Britain in revues with Oliver, and also made two films. When she was offered a contract to make two more in Hollywood for a fee of £4,000 each, she refused, and joined the Waafs instead. Some time during her war service she broke with Oliver, who divorced her for desertion in March, 1945. She was then thirty.

She first met Tony Beauchamp when he was photographing her sister Mary at Chartwell; after a later meeting she fell in love with him and married him, after a whirlwind courtship, at Sea Island, Georgia, in October, 1949. Friends say that she always meant to join Beauchamp when he returned to Britain, but a television challenge came up that she could not resist. She was offered a weekly fifteen-minute show of her own, to be increased to half an hour "if she was good enough."

The show finally went to an hour. She worked full-time on it for two and a half years, part-time for a further eighteen months. In 1955 and again in 1956, with her parents growing old, she made tentative attempts to settle in this country, but found she could not bear to stay apart from Beauchamp while both were in the same town; and living with him proved equally difficult.

In 1957 she made another attempt and accepted an offer to appear on television in the play *The Heiress*. She scored a large success in this and was angling for further work when, two months later, Beauchamp committed suicide.

She collapsed, stayed for a while with her sister Diana, estranged wife of Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, and soon afterwards returned to America, where she rented a bungalow near Los Angeles.

## England for ever

In this bungalow in January of this year she was arrested for drunkenness, after she had been allegedly swearing on the telephone. "There'll always be an England, but I'm not so sure about America," she is reported to have cried as she was carried, kicking and screaming, to jail.

The following night she was due to appear in a television play. She insisted on appearing, and gave a performance which critics described as "a picture of poise and serenity." One editorial said: "This was another Churchill's finest hour."

There are signs now that she has got over Beauchamp's death, and that her efforts to make a new life for herself in her homeland will succeed.

Asked how she was getting on after a tiring rehearsal recently, she cocked her eyebrows in an expression familiar to two generations of Britons. "Not so bad," she said. "You know, like all the Churchills—still unbowed, but bloody as usual."

THE END

"It was always very clear to me," writes Field-Marshal Montgomery, "that Ike and I were poles apart when it came to the conduct of the war . . ."

# The truth about my clashes with Ike

**We could not agree on the best way to win the war. Ike's tactics were wrong, and I told him so—but still we stayed friends**

WE now come to events which were to have a marked influence on the future course of the war. Much has been written about the campaign in north-west Europe and it will be a happy hunting ground for historians for many years to come. National feelings on the subject have tended to run high and, in particular, American writers have launched heavy attacks on the British conduct of operations in general and on myself especially.

My friend Ike has agreed that it is now my turn to put my own point of view. I will try to tell the story truthfully.

At the end of December, 1943, I was appointed to act as Land C.-in-C. for Operation Overlord, as the invasion plan was known, and was given command of 21 Army Group.

The more I examined the proposed tactical plan for 21 Army Group, the more I disliked it. The front of the assault was too narrow; only one corps H.Q. was being used to control the whole front, and the area of landing would soon become very congested.

No landing was being made on the east side of the Cherbourg peninsula, although the early capture of the port of Cherbourg was vital to our needs, and there did not seem to be any clear idea how operations would be developed once the armies had been put on shore.

In January, 1944, so far as we knew at that time, there were over fifty German divisions in France and some of these, probably six, were panzer type. Brigadier Bill Williams, who was head of my intelligence staff, calculated that we might be fighting hard against six German divisions by the evening of D-Day. We could take no chances; if we failed in Normandy the war might drag on for years.

We would have to blast our way on shore and get a good lodgement before the enemy could bring up sufficient reserves to turn us out. We needed an initial assault by at least five divisions, and should aim to have eighteen divisions, including three airborne ones, on shore by about the end of the first week.

All this would be an immense undertaking and it would be necessary to get additional landing-craft from the Mediterranean theatre; we would also need an air lift for the airborne divisions.

We formed a revised plan and it at once became clear that our success was going to depend on whether Operation Anvil could be reduced to a threat and the landing-craft thereby saved transferred to Overlord.

## An unpopular plan

Operation Anvil was a proposed landing in the south of France, to the east of Toulon. The Allied forces, American and French, were to come from the Italian theatre. It was an American idea and so far as I was aware it was never liked by any British political or military authority. The American view was that Overlord and Anvil must be viewed as one whole. The French liked it since de Gaulle wanted to have a French army under a French C.-in-C. liberating French soil. Stalin liked it, I imagine, since it would obviously hinder progress on the Italian front by Alexander, and thus enable the Russians to reach Vienna before the Western Allies.

I didn't like it; nor did Winston Churchill.

In the end we got the landing-craft we needed for Overlord by postponing the target date for Normandy from May 1 till early in June, and by getting Anvil postponed till August. But Anvil (renamed Dragoon) went in on August 15 and in my view was one of the great strategic mistakes of the war.

Eisenhower approved our revised

# Montgomery

*continued from previous page*

plan for Overlord at a conference in London on January 21. From then onwards, the plan developed steadily as all the details were gradually worked out and fitted into their right places in the grand design. The work involved was terrific and the strain on the staff was very great.

For the assault we had two armies—the Second British Army under General Dempsey and the First American Army under Bradley. Later, two more armies would come into being—the First Canadian under Crerar and the Third American under Patton.

It is important to understand that, once we had secured a good footing in Normandy, my plan was to *threaten* to break out on the eastern flank, that is in the Caen sector. By pursuing this threat relentlessly I intended to draw the main enemy reserves, particularly his armoured divisions, into that sector and to keep them there—using the British and Canadian forces under Dempsey for this purpose.

Having got the main enemy strength committed on the *eastern* flank, my plan was to make the break-out on the *western* flank—using for this task the American forces under General Bradley. This break-out attack was to be launched southwards and then to proceed eastwards in a wide sweep up to the Seine about Paris.

I hoped that this gigantic wheel would pivot on Falaise. It aimed to cut off all the enemy forces south of the Seine, the bridges over that river below Paris having been destroyed by our air forces.

All our work was linked to this basic plot, which I explained at many conferences from February onwards.

Having got an agreed plan (or so I thought at the time!) I left the details to my chief of staff, General de Guingand, and devoted my main efforts to ensuring that the weapons we were to use would be fit for battle. I wanted to see the soldiers and, probably more important, I wanted them to see me.

I had the use of a special train called "Rapier" and in it I toured England, Wales and Scotland, visiting every formation which was to take part in Overlord. My method of inspection was characterized by informality and was, I suppose, unusual.

## Creating confidence

I inspected two, and often three, parades a day, each of ten thousand men or more. They were drawn up in a hollow square and I first spoke individually to the unit commanders. I then ordered the ranks to be turned inwards and walked slowly between them, in order that every man could see me; the men "stood easy" throughout so that they could lean and twist, and look at me all the time if they wished to—and most did.

This inspection of the men by me, and of me by them, took some little time; but it was good value for all of us. It was essential that I gained their confidence. I had to begin with their curiosity.

When the appraisal was over I stood on the bonnet of a jeep and spoke to officers and men, quietly and very simply—using a loudspeaker or not, according to the conditions. I explained how necessary it was that we should know each other, what lay ahead and how, together, we would handle the job. I told them what the German soldier was like in battle and how he could be defeated; that if we all had confidence in the plan and in each other, the job could be done.

I was their Commander-in-Chief and we had now had a good look at each other. As a result of the meeting between us, I had absolute confidence in them, and I hoped they could feel the same about me.

After I had been a few weeks in England, the Ministry of Supply asked me to visit various factories which were engaged in the production of equipment for the armies. In my journeying round the country I was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. The people seemed to think I had some magic prescription for victory and that I had been sent to lead them to better things. I sensed danger in this and knew my activities would not be viewed favourably in political circles. Nor were they.

I received an intimation that I should "lay off" these visits—to which I paid no attention, beyond replying that I had been asked to undertake them by Whitehall.

In point of fact, the working population wanted to have their spirits raised and to be made enthusiastic for the cause. They wanted a new subject of conversation. It was generally considered that the invasion would be a blood bath, with fearful casualties; I assured them it would not be so. All this could only be done by personal contact, and my visits helped in that respect.

In February I began giving sittings for a portrait for my son David, in case I did not survive the war. Augustus John was approached and agreement was reached on the financial side. After a time, I found it difficult to give any further sittings.

He then asked me to come once more so that he could do a pencil sketch, from which he would complete the portrait—and this I did.

## When G.B.S. called

On February 26, Bernard Shaw looked in at the studio for a chat with Augustus John and remained there during the remainder of the sitting. I had never met him before and found him most amusing, and with a penetrating brain. That night Shaw wrote a letter to Augustus John.

"Dear Augustus John,

"This afternoon I had to talk all over the shop to amuse your sitter and keep his mind off the worries of the present actual fighting. . . .

"Your portrait of B. L. M. immediately reminded me of your portrait of yourself in the Leicester Gallery. It fills the canvas, suggesting a large, tall man. It does not look at you, and Monty always does with intense effect. *He* concentrates all space into a small spot like a burning glass; it has practically no space at all; you haven't left room for any.

"Now for it. Take that old petrol rag that wiped out so many portraits of me (all masterpieces), and rub out this one till the canvas is blank. Then paint a small figure looking at you straight from above, as he looked at me from the dais. Paint him at full length (some foreground in front of him) leaning forward with his knees bent back gripping the edge of his camp stool, and his expression one of piercing scrutiny, the eyes unforgettable. The background: the vast totality of desert Africa. Result: a picture worth £100,000.

"What a nose! And what eyes!

"Fancy a soldier being intelligent enough to want to be painted by you and to talk to me!

"Always yours,

G. B. S."

I did not like the portrait when completed, since I reckoned it was not like me, and Augustus John did not insist on my taking it. The portrait, and the pencil sketch, were both exhibited in the Royal Academy Show in the early summer. Both were sold, and the portrait now hangs in an art gallery in Glasgow.

[*Augustus John writes: "G. B. S. didn't come for a chat with him. I got him to come and meet Monty at the latter's request. There was no sitting or painting, of course, during the interview, which lasted an hour. The portrait was acquired by the University of Glasgow (at a good price)."*]

By the end of March everything was "set" for Overlord and the armies were on the move to concentration areas. D-Day was fixed for June 5.

The whole of April was taken up with exercises, culminating in a very large "grand rehearsal" by all assault forces between May 3 and 5.

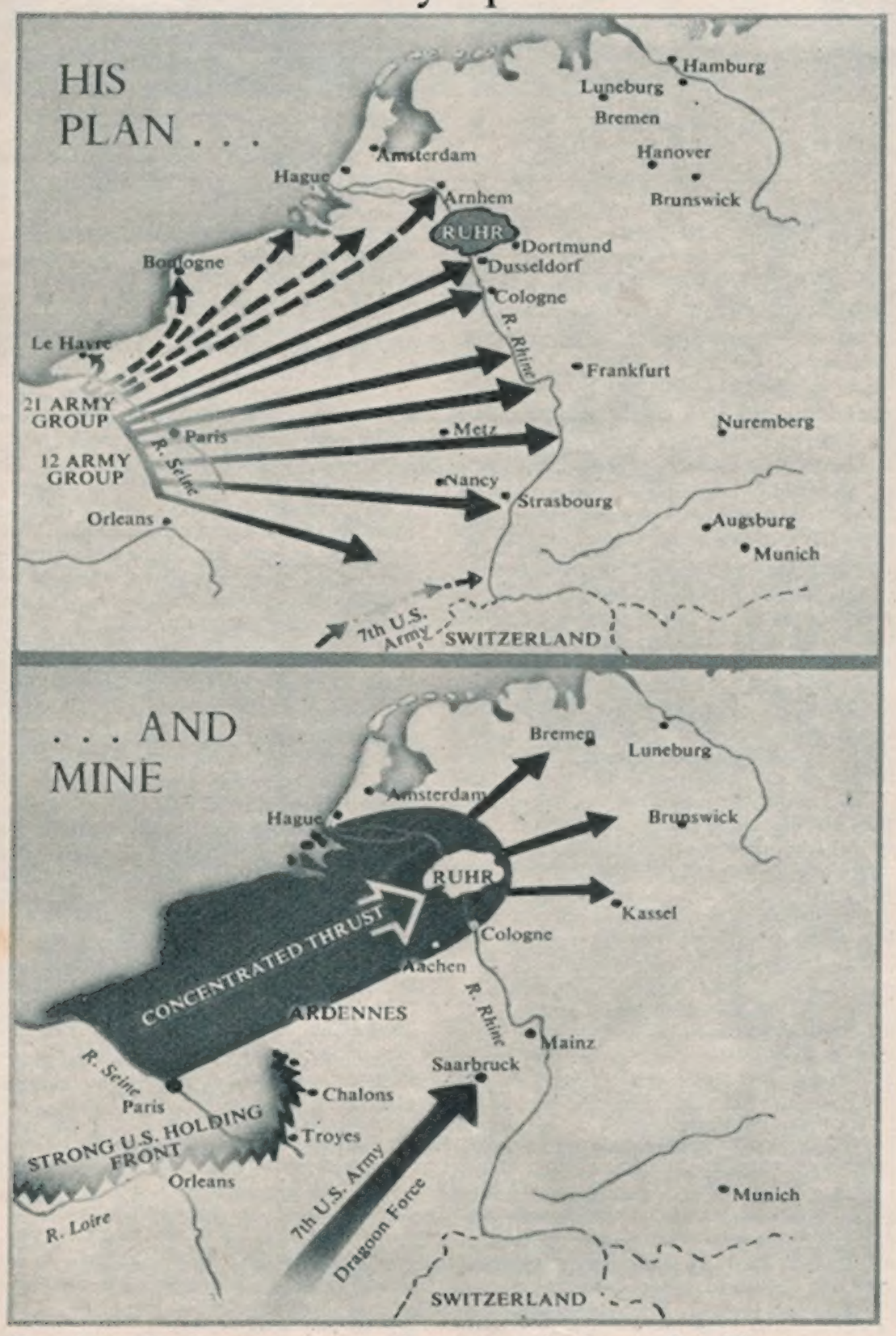
On May 15 Supreme Headquarters staged a final presentation of our combined plans. It was held in St. Paul's School, London, which was H.Q. 21 Army Group, and was attended by the King, the Prime Minister, General Smuts and the British Chiefs of Staff.

Throughout the day Eisenhower was quite excellent: he spoke very little, but what he said was on a high level and extremely good. The King spoke before he left; he made a first-class impromptu speech, quite short and exactly right. At the end of the day General Smuts spoke, and finally the Prime Minister.

D-Day had, of course, to be postponed until June 6 because of adverse weather conditions.

I spent the day in the garden of my headquarters near Portsmouth. As the time wore on, I decided that my place

## The cause of my quarrel with Ike




Eisenhower's plan was to attack on a wide front. But Montgomery believed that a concentrated drive would shorten the war by months

In a general hospital in the field, Montgomery, commander of Allied land forces in France, watches an operation in progress. A bullet is being removed from a soldier's spine

American General Patton (left) chats happily with his colleague, General Bradley, and Montgomery. Once Patton talked of pushing ahead to "drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk"

was in Normandy. At nine thirty that evening I crossed the Channel in the destroyer H.M.S. Faulknor, and after discussions with commanders in the American and British sectors landed early on June 8.

Our assault on D-Day had achieved tactical surprise. The weather was bad and the sea rough, but the troops were landed in good heart and at the right places. Slowly and relentlessly we made ground and extended the lodgement area.

On D-plus-one we were five to six miles inland. By D-plus-four the lodgement area was joined up into one continuous whole; it was sixty miles long and varied in depth from eight to twelve miles.

I never once had cause or reason to alter my master plan. Of course, we didn't hesitate to adjust our plans and dispositions to the tactical situation as it developed, but the fundamental design remained unchanged; it was to that that I pinned my hopes and clung so resolutely, despite increasing opposition from the fainter-hearted.

## Fear of casualties

We did not capture Caen, for instance, till July 10, and we did not finally clear the eastern suburbs till July 20. It had been my original intention to secure the high ground between Caen and Falaise as early as possible, as being a suitable area for the construction of airfields; but this was not vital, and when I found it could not be done in accordance with the original plan without suffering unjustified casualties, I did not proceed with that venture. This was not popular with the Air Command.

Many people thought that when the Second Army, under General Dempsey, launched Operation Goodwood, as it was called, in the Caen sector on July 18, it was the beginning of a plan to break out from the eastern flank towards Paris, and that, *because* I did not do so, the battle had been a failure. But let me make the point again at the risk of being wearisome. There was never *at any* time any intention of making the break-out from the bridgehead on the eastern flank.

Misunderstandings about this simple and basic conception were responsible for much trouble between British and American personalities.

By the middle of July there developed a growing impatience on the part of the press; it appeared to them that stagnation gripped our lodgement area.

Bradley's first attempt at the break-out, made towards Coutances early in July, had failed. Then came Operation Goodwood and the press regarded this as an attempt to break out on the eastern flank; and, as such, that operation, too, appeared to have failed.

Both Bradley and I agreed that we could not possibly tell the press the true strategy which formed the basis of all our plans.

By July 18, Operation Cobra, the final break-out on the American front, was planned and I had approved the scheme.

I should mention at this stage that the weather was generally very much against us. Between June 19 and 22 we had a gale of unprecedented violence. Just when we needed fresh divisions to proceed with our plans and retain the initiative, those divisions were in ships anchored off the beaches and unable to land.

I kept in close touch with our casualty figures. These were as follows:

BY JULY 10

| | *Killed* | *Wounded* | *Total* |
|---|---|---|---|
| British ... | 3,894 | 18,314 | 22,208 |
| American ... | 6,898 | 32,443 | 39,341 |
| | | | 61,549 |

BY JULY 19

| | *Killed* | *Wounded* | *Total* |
|---|---|---|---|
| British ... | 6,010 | 28,690 | 34,700 |
| American ... | 10,641 | 51,387 | 62,028 |
| | | | 96,728 |

In addition, by July 19 we had evacuated 11,000 sick from the British sector.

Meanwhile, the First American Army was working itself into a position from which it could stage the break-out operation.

All this time the British forces were steadily playing their part on the eastern flank. The greater the delay on the American front, the more I ordered the British forces to intensify their operations; and there was never any complaint from Dempsey.

Operation Cobra was due to be launched on July 20; this was the day on which I had ordered Operation Goodwood to be closed down. But again the weather delayed us and Cobra was not actually launched till July 25.

## Three vital hinges

It was clear to me that as the American attack gathered momentum there would be severe repercussions all along the enemy front. The enemy line would be bent back and he would try and re-establish a front based on certain strong hinges. I decided those hinges would be three in number: at Caumont, on the River Orne, and the high ground between Caen and Falaise.

I therefore planned to knock out in succession the key rivets in the north on which, I reckoned, the enemy would try to "hinge back" his left flank. I gave orders accordingly, and the Second Army began at once to re-group and to transfer its weight from its extreme left south-east of Caen to its extreme right at Caumont. This movement was a major undertaking and the Second Army organized it beautifully.

The attack at Caumont (Operation Bluecoat) was to be delivered by six divisions on August 2. But because of the unexpected speed of the American advance, with Dempsey's agreement, I advanced the date to July 30.

Thus, on July 25, the day on which the American break-out began, we were on the threshold of great events. We were now to reap where we had sown; the strategy of the Battle of Normandy was about to achieve decisive success.

And then, without warning, a cloud descended on our affairs.

On July 26, Eisenhower had lunch in London with the Prime Minister. Exactly what was said at that lunch party I don't know. But Eisenhower wrote to me that evening and one sentence in his letter caused me misgivings.

That sentence read: "He (the P.M.) repeated over and over again that he knew you understood the necessity for 'keeping the front aflame,' while major attacks were in progress."

It seemed to me that Eisenhower had complained to the Prime Minister that I did not understand what I was doing. Actually, as I heard later, he had told the Prime Minister he was worried at the outlook taken by the American press that the British were not taking their share of the fighting and of the casualties.

He gave the Prime Minister to understand that in his view the British forces on the eastern flank could and should be more offensive; they were not fighting as they should, and he quoted the casualty figures to prove his case.

This sparked off quite a lot of trouble. The next night, July 27, the Prime Minister summoned a few responsible persons to meet Eisenhower at dinner. I very soon heard what had taken place.

Eisenhower complained that Dempsey was leaving all the fighting to the Americans. His attention was drawn to my basic strategy, i.e. to fight hard on my left and draw Germans on to that flank whilst I pushed with my right.

It was pointed out that he had approved this strategy and that it was being carried out; the bulk of the German armour had continuously been kept on the British front. Eisenhower could not refute these arguments.

He then asked why it was we could not launch major offensives on each army front simultaneously — as the Russians did. It was pointed out to him that the German density in Normandy was about two and a half times that of the Russian front, and our superiority in strength was only in the nature of some twenty-five per cent as compared to the three hundred per cent Russian superiority on the eastern front.

We clearly were not in a position to launch an all-out offensive along the

*continued on page 27*

THE HOUR OF TRUTH

A thrilling new novel by Denise Egerton

# THE JEWELS OF ESTEROCA

*Now came my moment of fear—that I had walked and talked with a heartless killer*

FOR six weeks after our quarrel I heard nothing. Then my husband—Adrian Elvin, the composer—wrote to me. No address. No explanation. Just that I was to join him in Barcelona; he would meet me at the airport. But now I had arrived—and nobody was here. . . .

At least, nobody I knew. But an English business man, Frant, offered to help me.

He quickly found me a hotel room in the city, made phone calls, took me out for a stroll. He *seemed* honest—till I found my case had been searched while I was out.

Nothing was stolen. Not even the score of Adrian's new Iberian Symphony that he had told me to collect on the way from a friend in Paris. But I was furious. I turned on Frant. What he told me made me sick with bewilderment.

A young South American, Miguel Lorentes, had been stabbed to death in a London flat. The police wanted to talk to Adrian about it. Frant was working with them. That was why he had taken an interest in me. . . .

Later that night I was able to contact Adrian by phone. When we were together, at the house of some of his Spanish friends, he started asking questions at once—about Frant.

"What did you talk about, Stacey?" he said.

I drew a breath. I said: "About Miguel Lorentes. About how he died. . . ."

## PART TWO

ADRIAN drained his glass and set it down upon the table, refilled it and lifted it, squinting at the ruby colour.

"Frant thinks you knew Lorentes," I said.

Adrian said almost absently: "Yes, I knew him. He was murdered—stabbed to death. Did he tell you that, too?"

"Oh God, Adrian, if you know that. . . ." My voice trailed away.

"Just a minute, darling. Don't let's get all tangled up." His voice had a queer grittiness. "Begin at the beginning. You met Cedric in Paris as arranged—you said you'd got the score of the 'Iberian.' Where is it? Let me have it."

I took it from my handbag. Adrian skimmed over it and laid it on the table. "Cedric thought it was good, didn't he?" he said. "Yes, I knew he would. Well now, you've arrived and Frant comes into the picture. Start from there. I want to know everything. . . . It's rather important, Stacey."

I went through it all, step by step. Adrian got up and went to the window.

"Never trust a left-hander, Stacey," he said.

I remembered then. "Yes, that was it . . . that was how it came out. He was pouring mineral water into some cognac, and I said. . . ." My voice trailed away. "How do you know he's left-handed?"

I THOUGHT he would never move, then he turned, leaning against the sill. "I watched him through a keyhole in Miguel Lorentes's flat. All I could see of him were his hands, moving over a desk, picking up the phone and dialling a number, scrawling something with a pencil while he waited." He levered himself off the window sill and came back across the room. In front of me, he stopped and said: "If you've been thinking I might have murdered Lorentes, darling, I can give you the answer in two words—I didn't."

Somebody knocked at the door. The woman who entered was short and stout, her jet-black eyes twinkling in cushions of sallow fat. Adrian turned to her.

"Ana!" he said. "Allow me to present my wife."

"*Buenas noches, señora,*" said the woman, smiling.

"Señora Ana Gomez, Stacey—Ernesto's mother and our kind hostess."

I succeeded in murmuring some response. She smiled again and said she was cooking me a meal. Did I like *paella*?

I told her I did. When she had gone out I said: "She speaks very good English."

"For eighteen years she was my Aunt Isabel's sewing maid—that's the aunt who married a Spaniard—and her first husband was a foreman working on the estate. After he died, Ana married Ernesto's father." He went on quickly, as though to prevent me speaking. "Her eldest son Juan inherited his father's job. Juan is a great lad. When I was a small boy on holiday with Aunt Isabel, he used to take me into the mountains to fish for trout. You'll be seeing him."

I broke in abruptly. "Adrian! What were you doing in Lorentes's flat? Why were you evading Frant? If he's working with the police, and all they want is to question you——"

"How do we know he's working with the police?"

"What do you mean?"

"How do we know, that's all. When are you going to grow up, Stacey?"

I started to say something, but he silenced me with a warning jerk of his head as a girl came to lay the table.

When we were alone again after the meal, Adrian gave me the explanation I'd been waiting for. It was a long, complicated story. As he talked, he moved restlessly about the room.

Miguel Lorentes had been only eight years old when his parents died during the Spanish Civil War. He went to live with Don Gregorio, the parish priest in the little town of Esteroca. When Don Gregorio heard that there was to be an attack on the village he and Miguel took to the hills, carrying with them the jewels of Santa Maria—a benefaction to the church at Esteroca made centuries before by the Pertegaz family, the family Adrian's aunt had married into.

Don Gregorio and the boy were heading for a monastery that would take them in, but they never got there. The priest knew he was ill. They hid the jewels in a cave. Then Don Gregorio collapsed, dying, and sent Miguel on to the next village.

Unfortunately, the boy was seen—by a local man. "Some village lout from Esteroca," Adrian called him. The man managed to discover what the boy had been doing, though he never found the treasure.

Adrian stopped speaking. For a moment there was silence. Then he said: "And that, Stacey, is why Miguel Lorentes died—because for twenty years he alone knew what had become of the treasure of Santa Maria; and one man knew that he knew."

I drew a long breath. There was so much that I still did not understand.

Adrian went on: "Miguel got away, fell in with some gipsies and eventually reached Tarragona. Some time later he was adopted by a business man from Buenos Aires. . . .

"As a good Catholic he grew up with the vow that one day he would restore the jewels to the church. When he was about to come to Europe, he wrote to Aunt Isabel, and she replied suggesting that, as he was to be in London, he should get in touch with me. He did—and now you have the set-up. It was agreed that I should help him and that we'd go on to Aunt Isabel's together."

HE told me this now, I thought, when he was forced to, but never a word at the time. It was almost as though a stranger had been speaking. How well did you know the person you married? What other things did he keep secret from me?

I said: "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think you'd be interested." He walked to the window. "I went round one evening to this flat Miguel had got . . . Frant's sister's flat, you tell me now. It was a groundfloor flat and there were french windows giving on to a lawn. I pushed them open and walked in and was just about to call out and announce myself when I nearly fell over Miguel's body lying on the floor. There was blood everywhere. . . ."

He lifted both hands and passed them over his hair with a swift, savage gesture. "It's easy to think afterwards of all the smart things I should have done. I can only tell you what I did. I stood there at first, petrified. Then suddenly I heard somebody moving in the next room. The door was closed and I went down on one knee with my eye to the keyhole. I could see part of a sideboard, the back of a chair, and the telephone standing on the desk. Then a hand—somebody's left hand, complete with gold signet ring and gold wrist watch, dialling a number and picking up a pencil. . . .

"I didn't wait for any more. I got out again by the window. There was just one obvious thing . . . the curtains of the sitting-room windows were drawn, but I edged along and found I could look in. I could see Frant now

Adrian shook me hard and said: "What are you doing here?" I told him: "Frant's found us now. There's a warrant out for your arrest . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

# Gilbert Harding says...

# If you're going to give—then give

It was Christmas Day in the workhouse for me when I was a boy, because we lived within the walls of one; my mother was matron.

I was quickly taught to respect the aged, a lesson small boys often need. My grandfather rebuked me fiercely if ever he caught me being cheeky to my elders, especially if they were infirm.

He never, however, went so far as the father of Sacha Guitry, the actor, if we can believe a story which for me sums up the whole art of giving.

Young Sacha had been given a franc and told to drop it into the bowl of a blind beggar who sat on the steps of Notre Dame. When he returned, his father demanded: "Have you forgotten your manners, my boy? You dropped a coin into that man's bowl, but you did not even raise your hat to him."

"But, Papa," explained the boy, "he is blind. He would not be able to see me, anyhow."

"Go back at once and raise your hat," Sacha's father commanded. "For all you know, he may be an impostor."

## Deserving dustmen

How we give, as Sacha's father so well understood, matters so much more than what we give, especially at Christmas time. Idly flinging down a coin is not giving. Nor is stuffing any old thing into fancy paper just because it is Christmas. At any rate, it's not what I call giving.

It always saddens me in a café to see tips being pushed furtively under a plate by people who then sneak away as though they were ashamed even of this little show of generosity.

So if you give a Christmas box to the postman or the paper boy, or the dustman who empties your horrid garbage—and I can think of few people more deserving of a gift—do please give the present or the money yourself. Put your shilling, five shillings, ten bob note or whatever you can afford into their hands and say "Thank you."

Christmas is a time when we should seek out those who have served us well and show that we have appreciated it.

If you think that you have not been well served, you may not feel like giving a Christmas box at all. And quite right, too, in some cases. But withholding gifts can be overdone, and it probably means that you will be served even worse next year. Christmas is a time when a little turning of the other cheek might work wonders.

It is also a time when complaints about Christmas being ruinously expensive and too commercialized are as common as indigestion. But if this is so, we have only ourselves to blame.

We do both too much and too little about Christmas. We often spend more than we can afford (which is always foolish), bombarding undeserving people with expensive trash.

What a hollow farce, and what a betrayal of the generous spirit of this holy time it is for people to compile morbid and joyless lists of presents they think they must give, just because they were sent something last year or might be sent something this! "Must send old so-and-so something," they mutter. "He sent me those vile cigars."

But the same people are often too downright lazy to go to the little bit of trouble which would spread some genuine happiness instead of this bogus bonhomie.

I know I am. Alas, I have no children (perhaps, on second thoughts, it is a good thing). I reward the less objectionable children of my friends by giving them tickets for *Peter Pan*. I would like myself better, though, if I could bring myself to endure the heat and hurly-burly of a toy shop at Christmas time and pick something personal.

Toy shops grow more splendid every year. But it still amazes me to see in the windows those abominable travesties of the Christmas spirit, net stockings ready-filled with shoddy rubbish. I suppose some people buy them, though it astonishes me that there can be parents so idle and unloving.

My poor sister, who is now dead, and I used to enjoy an enormous thrill on Christmas morning delving into a real stocking, lovingly packed by our mother. It contained, as every proper Christmas stocking should, among all sorts of things, a new penny and, somewhere far down in the toe, a tangerine wrapped in silver paper.

To this day I have only to smell a tangerine to be transported back to those magical mornings when I was a greedy little boy and it was Christmas.

I am sure it is the things you do yourself for your children that are remembered, long after some expensive toy is broken and forgotten.

I wish, too, that more of our Christmas cards really represented true and not merely conventional good wishes, and showed that Christmas was a holy time, a religious festival, as well as a time for gluttony.

I don't send out Christmas cards at all, although I receive them by the score. Occasionally, when I get a really nice one from, say, Dr. and Mrs. Dale, I suddenly think of somebody who, I am sure, would be delighted by it, too. So, under the doctor's and his lady's good wishes I add, "And from Gilbert Harding" and pass it on. I'm sorry, but no one will ever receive a Christmas card from me unless it is one of these.

Happily, not everyone is like me and there is much warm, genuine generosity about at this time, with many united families before good fires, sitting down to splendid dinners, everywhere.

From the bottom of my heart, I envy them. THE END



# The hour of truth

and he was still on the phone. I beat it then." Adrian drew a deep breath. "So you can make up your mind about Frant whichever way you like; you know as much as I do."

"He was the *murderer*?" I couldn't keep my voice steady.

Adrian shrugged. "Either that or there was a third person."

It sounded unlikely, yet the alternative was one I shuddered from—had I walked and talked with a murderer that afternoon?

"And before you ask why didn't I go to the police," Adrian said, "try to imagine how you'd feel in the same position. No, I went home, hoping to God no one had seen me." He flung himself on the divan beside me. "You were a bit waspish that night, Stacey, wanting to know where I'd been. You'll hardly be surprised that I wasn't in the mood for explanations."

That awful quarrel. . . . Now I could understand the strain he must have been under.

He went on: "I had to get away at once. I knew that what had happened meant that someone, who for twenty years must have been trying to trace Miguel, had finally succeeded. He was after the Santa Maria jewels.

"The thing was, how much information had he got before Miguel died? No way of guessing. But if they were to be saved and restored to the church, the only thing was to try to beat him to it. And that's what I planned to do. . . ."

The lines deepened about his mouth. "Cedric was leaving for Paris the next day and I went, too. I left the Iberian with him. Ever since, with Juan's help, I've been on the search. I'd just one clue that had remained clear in Lorentes's mind from that night long ago—at the mouth of the cave where they'd hidden the stuff was a rock shaped exactly like a lion's head. . . ."

As the weeks passed, he said, he had begun worrying himself sick about me—until at last he could stand it no longer. So he sent for me.

That night we went to sleep in each other's arms, but later, when I awoke, Adrian was sitting at the table. He had thoughtfully shielded the light.

"What are you doing?" I asked drowsily.

He answered without looking up. "I suddenly had an idea and had to work it out. Go to sleep again."

I obediently closed my eyes, reassured by a pattern of behaviour that was comfortingly familiar. Often at Hampstead he would get up in the middle of the night in the grip of some brilliant notion which must be committed to paper before it was lost.

When I awoke again it was daylight and Adrian was sleeping peacefully, one arm across my shoulder. I studied him with a sudden tenderness. He was thirty-two, nine years older than I was, but this morning he looked like a boy; his face had a strange innocence, purged of the harsh lines and tension of last night.

Presently, without disturbing him, I moved and his hand fell loosely on to the pillows. I got up from the bed and crossed the room to the table where he had sat working. He had been going through the Iberian score.

Straightening the sheets, I noticed a fresh piece of manuscript paper on which he had jotted down some of the notes Cedric had ringed . . . C, A, D sharp, D sharp again, A flat, F sharp, G sharp, E. . . . A scrap of paper lay on the floor under a chair and I picked it up. It looked as if he had scribbled a telephone message or something on it—*Calliope, Torrelevante, 10th*. . . .

His voice came sleepily from behind me. "What have you got there?"

I went over to him with the scrap of paper and he took it from me.

"It was on the floor," I said. "What does it mean?"

He frowned over it. "I haven't a clue . . . wait a minute . . . some deadly people I met who have taken a villa. They are giving a musical party and want me to hear their daughter play. That's the address, you see—Calliope, Torrelevante. He tore the paper into tiny pieces like confetti.

I looked down at him. "What now?"

"I think I've reached the end of the trail, Stacey. Two days ago I found what I'm pretty sure is the right place. The first thing is to finish the job."

At last, he said, he had come upon what was almost certainly the cave Miguel had meant—but rock had fallen and he'd need tackle to get inside.

"Are we staying in Barcelona?"

Adrian shook his head. "No. I've taken a furnished villa for us on the coast about forty miles from here, not far from Tarragona. Juan will drive us over. Tomorrow I'm going up to Esteroca and, if we're lucky, by the end of the week we'll be clear of it all. The church will have its treasure back and we can relax and enjoy ourselves."

Before we left we had an argument about my clothes. I mourned my luggage, still at the hotel, and held up the pleated black dress in which I had fled from Frant—a little model which would take me anywhere after 6 p.m.

"I can't wear this," I said.

"What's wrong with it?"

"At this hour? It's ridiculous."

Adrian looked it over carefully. "It's all right," he said at last. "Every other woman in Spain wears black. It's a pity about your hair, though. We'll have to dye you. How would you fancy yourself as a brunette?"

I was not altogether sure he meant it as a joke.

"Can't we possibly get my things?" I said. "I've not even a piece of soap."

"Ana can provide that. We can buy you everything you need later. If we go sending round for your suitcase, I might as well have spared myself all the trouble I went to to lose Frant. For heaven's sake, Stacey, try to show *some* intelligence!"

Presently Maria brought us breakfast, rolls and thick cups of chocolate. Then

CHRISTMAS—I

Children have to humour grown-up people at Christmas time.

Margaret Echard

she showed me where I could wash. When I got back Adrian was talking to a man who turned as I entered, staring at my dress and everything else.

"Stacey," said Adrian, "this is Juan, Ernesto's brother."

Juan was a small, wiry man of about forty. He bowed, and Adrian said: "She's worried about her dress. What do you think, Juan?"

"It's very charming; maybe a little. . . ." His hand described a sketchy gesture about his shoulders. "Maybe my sister Maria will have a shawl."

"We have this." Adrian picked up a green silk square he had used to shade the light, and tied it over my head, peasant fashion.

"You make me feel like a parcel." I frowned. "Are you ashamed of me?"

"No, my sweet. But you saw the way Juan looked at you. Every man in Barcelona will look at you like that. We must also get you some sunglasses."

"Really," I said, "this is absurd! I'm not Marilyn Monroe!"

"You're a silver-gilt blonde, darling, which comes to the same thing." He gave a quick look round the room. "I think that's everything. Let's go."

I followed him out, feeling like a refugee, a fugitive. . . . From Frant? We were running away from Frant, who, Adrian seemed to fear, might have spies all over the city. . . .

I had often dreamed of living with Adrian in a villa by the sea. Somehow, I had not believed it could ever happen; yet here I was, looking across the sands

*continued on page 25*

**Drivers take the road . . . nude women climb trees . . . and kind men commit murder. Then, sometimes, they wake up**

# Do you walk in your sleep?

by ALAN LLOYD

Two years ago Albert Longmore walked in his sleep for the last time. Longmore, a greengrocer at Norton Canes, Staffordshire, used to leap downstairs without waking, rush in and out of rooms and march round the hall. His family dreaded hearing bumps in the night.

In August, 1956, a few hours after returning from a spell of army training, he jumped from his bedroom window in his sleep and landed, bewildered but unhurt, on a concrete path fifteen feet below.

"I had bars put in the window," he says, "but I have not needed them since."

As a somnambulistic feat, Longmore's involuntary leap was not extraordinary. Sleepwalkers have robbed houses, climbed trees, committed murder, made journeys by bus and train and even written letters without waking.

In Sydney, Australia, shortly before the last war, an entire family—father, son, daughter and daughter-in-law—regularly walked in their sleep.

## Drove for miles

At three o'clock on one winter morning in 1956, Marcia Wollner, of Berkeley, California, was roused from sleep by a glaring light on her face and a brief but tumultuous uproar.

To her dismay, instead of lying snugly in the bed she had entered several hours earlier, Mrs. Wollner found herself alone at the wheel of a moving car, twenty-three miles from home. The car was her husband's. She had been awakened by a passing lorry.

Five years ago a French sleepwalker in the textile town of Mulhouse drove off in his car and did not awaken until he hit a pedestrian.

Less unhappily, a London taxi-driver, who had switched to working days after many years of night driving, got dressed in his sleep and went out looking for fares.

Not only did he return safely to bed without waking—there was money in his pocket to prove that his mission met with success.

One psychiatrist has estimated that about half a million people in this country walk in their sleep.

Children are more prone to do so than adults, and boys are chiefly affected. With adults the reverse is true; women more frequently show somnambulistic tendencies.

There is nothing "spooky" about sleepwalking. During both world wars it was fairly common for soldiers on forced marches to fall asleep and still keep their positions in the ranks. This is possible because the muscular system of the body does not sleep.

Similarly, people who fall asleep while reading often continue to hold books and magazines in their hands. Somnambulists differ only in that they start their muscular acts after they go to sleep.

"Because anxiety or mental disturbance are always at the root of it, sleepwalking should be treated seriously," says Dr. Frederick Casson, a London psychiatrist. Casson explains that sleepwalking is caused by an outbreak during sleep of repressed ideas and wishes from the unconscious mind.

These deep impulses are sometimes responsible for strangely dramatic events.

As long ago as 1870 a man accused of murder claimed that he had fired the fatal shot in his sleep. Although the judge refused to allow such testimony, a court of appeal reversed the "guilty" verdict and the defendant was eventually freed.

People of the gentlest dispositions can become aggressive while asleep.

A psychiatrist discovered that one man attacked his wife in his sleep because she was unable to bear him a baby. In his waking hours he knew that the problem was beyond his wife's control. His hostility was the result of an unconscious urge.

Sleepwalkers tend to be active people who derive a lot of pleasure from movement. Sometimes they are excitable and restless.

Four years ago an English housewife, the mother of two young children, was discovered, after a search by her husband and the police, fifteen feet up a maple tree behind her house. She was hanging by her hands and swinging back and forth with every appearance of satisfaction.

Luckily it was a warm night. The woman had gone to bed with no clothes on and had not dressed for the outing.

Her husband climbed up the tree and shook her lightly. Waking, she fell and was caught by firemen.

Somnambulists have weeded gardens, washed crockery and scrubbed floors. Chore-seeking sleepwalkers are usually conscientious housewives, worried because they think that some aspect of their duties has been left unattended.

## No sense of fear

A woman who had an acre of garden allowed the nettles in one corner to grow waist-high. It nagged at her mind. One morning she awoke, feeling as if she had already done a day's work, to find the weeds cut and neatly stacked. The state of her hands was proof that she had done the job herself.

The belief that sleepwalkers have an instinct which protects them from harm is false, probably arising from the fact that, having no conscious sense of fear, they sometimes operate in places of danger where they would normally be afraid to go. Often they fall. Four years ago a man from Northwood, Middlesex, fell to his death while sleepwalking on holiday in Jersey.

But in many cases, perhaps because sleepwalkers can remain relaxed when danger is imminent, they have escaped with remarkably little injury.

In August, 1957, Michael Miles, of Lewisham, who is nineteen, opened his bedroom window in the night and fell thirty-five feet, smashing into a fence, a dustbin and finally a bucket. His father heard the crash and found him sitting by the back door still asleep—uninjured apart from bruises.

Three weeks earlier, Roy Elwin, an insurance clerk, had been swimming and diving at Tottenham Lido. One night he dived in his sleep from his bedroom window on to the path twelve feet below. He fractured his collar bone. "He has not walked in his sleep since," says his mother.

## Toddler's trek

Another fallacy is that sleepwalkers walk with arms outstretched—a belief fostered by cartoonists. Many people also believe that it is dangerous to awaken a sleepwalker. It is not, though they should be roused gently, as should any sleeper.

With children, somnambulism is usually a passing phase. Some set out on night-time treks almost as soon as they can toddle.

In March last year a three-year-old boy pulled a chair to the front door of his home in Nornabell Street, Hull, unfastened the latch and let himself out. A policeman found him, in his nightgown, padding barefoot along a main road a mile from his house at two o'clock in the morning. The child was still asleep.

More commonly, children make for their parents' bedrooms. "The sleepwalking aim," says Casson, "is regularly found to be derived from early childhood sexual wishes. Usually these have as their object the parent of the opposite sex, or a close relative."

More subtly, sleepwalking can be a way of getting something forbidden without the guilt of being awake to what is being done.

The desire to put forbidden temptation out of reach sometimes results in a tendency among sleepwalkers to get away from home. In the winter of 1953, a nine-year-old boy climbed to the roof of his home in Reading and slept there all night. When his parents found him he was suffering from exposure.

A sense of guilt, whether justified or not, often promotes sleepwalking. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, perhaps the most famous of all somnambulists, revealed in her sleep that her husband murdered the King of Scotland. Her sleepwalking was an attempt to wipe away the stain of guilt caused by her part in the crime.

In a more complicated state, the problem is sometimes a conflict between principles, or ideals of behaviour, and involuntary wishes.

A submarine officer in hospital during the first World War repeatedly tried while asleep to put on his uniform and leave the ward.

Because he had felt afraid and wished to leave the boat during action, he imagined, contrary to the evidence, that he had behaved in a cowardly manner. His sleepwalking was an attempt to get back to duty and clear his conscience.

One woman started to sleepwalk when her invalid father died. Though she had nursed him lovingly, she had been unable to stop the thought that his death would give her money.

Her sleepwalking, which always took her to the father's old room, was an attempt to disprove her "guilt" by showing a desire to continue nursing him.

There is a close relationship between somnambulism and hypnosis, which is "sleepwalking" deliberately induced. And the fact that in some forms of somnambulism all the senses and faculties appear to be active, is linked with the conditions of double and multiple personality.

Psychiatrists now think that many cases of "disappearance" and loss of memory involve somnambulism.

For most people who are prone to sleepwalking, however, the habit is no more than a minor nuisance.

Indeed, Otto Loewi, who won a Nobel prize, found it a blessing. He wrote the answers to a number of perplexing problems, concerning nerve impulses, in his sleep. THE END

# Son of

## by PATRICK RYAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

I NEVER remember waking at midnight to see Father Christmas filling a stocking for me, or a pillow-case, but I did see him once at two o'clock in the afternoon, lying across my bed, flat out and snoring.

I was rising eleven at the time and safely past the age of illusion. My mother had been dead for some years and my father and I were living in a terrace house off the Old Kent Road. That year, my father was out of work in October and November and our chances of doing better than neck of mutton for Christmas dinner were pretty remote.

Our only real hope was a good fall of snow and three or four days' work clearing the streets. I used to spend a good deal of my time that December in church, praying for snow. Unfortunately, owing to the pretty sinful life I led around that period, my supplications didn't raise a single flake. It was the mildest and driest December on record. So it was a spiritual relief and a boon to my social life when, a fortnight before Christmas, my father landed a job.

HE had gone up to Calip's, the big department store, to see his friend, Duffy the doorman. An ambulance was at the entrance when he arrived, and a man in a red coat was being carried out to it.

"It's the saddest thing you ever heard," said Duffy. "Our Father Christmas has broken his leg. Tripped on the steps down to the Fairy Grotto and it snapped like a sugar stick."

"A sad thing for a man so near to Christmas."

My father picked up the Santa Claus hat which had fallen from the stretcher, and idly put it on his head.

"Jaze!" exclaimed Duffy admiringly. "But it suits you. Takes all the evil out of your face, turns you into a proper Pickwick . . . ." He grabbed my father's arm and pulled him inside. "This could be your lucky day, Mick. Down there in Toys they're having pups about where to get a new Father Christmas. All the regulars are booked long ago by now. You go down there with that hat on, tell them you've been an actor, and they'll welcome you."

And so my father took up as Santa Claus in the Fairy Grotto at Calip's. And a fine handsome one he made. While devotion to beer may do all sorts to your immortal soul, it does give you a hearty belly and red face—both of which are essentials to a really satisfying Father Christmas. A teetotaller may be a better example to the children, but it takes a drunkard to do justice to the costume.

The job at Calip's paid good money for those days and we stood to pick up £10 by Christmas Eve. But it wasn't easy, as we soon found out. One trouble was Mr. Gudgeon, the manager of the toy department—a fussy, suspicious man, convinced that all temporary employees were idle layabouts, intent only on the evasion of work and the embezzlement of takings.

"May the good Lord send me the strength, boy, not to chin him before Christmas Eve," said my father after the third day, as he waggled his feet in a bowl of hot water and Epsom salts. "What with the central heating and those fleecy boots, it's like holding my bunions in the portals of hell. . . . I tell you, boy, that Gudgeon'll drive me too far. He times me in and he times me out, counts the number of kids I get through every hour and wants a daily balance of the parcels left in the lucky dip. We were two short last night and he had me waist-deep in bran looking for them. If it weren't for the way we need that money, I'd belt him with my reindeer whip tomorrow."

Worse than Gudgeon were the children. Among the boys, it seemed, there was a fair sprinkling of anarchists and Oedipus-complex cases who regarded the old gentleman on the throne not as a bringer of gifts, but as a symbol of conventional authority, a tethered father-target upon whom they might safely vent their dark repressions.

That my father was not by nature patient with children I have the scars to prove, and around the fifth day I became truly doubtful about his ability to stay the distance.

"It's getting on my nerves, boy," he said. "I'm getting so I'm afraid to let any of them whisper in my ear. I look along the line of smiling faces and try to work out which one's planning to drop itching powder down my neck or plaster bubble gum in my beard . . . and I never can tell. The better they look, the worse they are. When one golden-haired perisher shook hands with me today, he slapped a wet frog in my palm. I tell you, boy, what with Gudgeon and those kids, you'll see me in a strait-jacket for Christmas."

I could see that ten quid slipping out of our grasp. Father's morale went down and down. Things got so that he was forced to call at the Turk's Head every lunch-time for something to quieten his nerves. Because of his mounting misery, I used to go down there myself and watch through the door of the public bar, just to make sure he got back to Calip's on time.

All went well until December 22. This was the Big Day at the store, when Lady Calip gave her orphans' Christmas party. She owned the chain of stores, lock, stock and barrel, and came to the Old Kent Road branch every year for her party. She was an eccentric—fierce and kindly, ruthless and generous—and she judged the management by the way they arranged the orphans' celebration. There was no forecasting how she'd react—whether she would distribute bonuses or dismissals.

The party was held in the restaurant on the top floor, and about two hundred kids from the orphanages in the district were invited. They'd have a blow-out of a tea, with entertainments, and then up would come the store's Santa Claus to give a present to each of them. The tea and presents were all right, but the entertainment was a bit sticky.

LADY CALIP was a very religious woman and fond of hymn-singing. So the entertainers were always a baritone and a soprano who used to sing holy carols to the kids. Also, the inmates of each orphanage used to get up in turn and sing the hymn they had practised carefully as a token of gratitude to the old lady. By the time all six institutions had been through up to eight verses each, it was time for Father Christmas and home.

Nobody dared alter this ritual for fear of upsetting Lady Calip; so the orphans found it more of a reverent than a hilarious occasion. They ate steadily but solemnly, and wore their paper hats with restraint and decorum. Santa Claus, knowing that more heads than his own would roll if his performance was found displeasing, distributed the gifts with grave benevolence.

And it was clear to me, as I came in sight of the Turk's Head that lunch-time, that the whole staff would be out on the street if my old man got in front of Lady Calip that Christmas.

In full rig—hat, boots, beard and all—he was dancing ponderously in the middle of the road with Fiddler Murphy. Both were daft drunk and staggering, and I could see that either the anarchist-boys or Gudgeon had finally driven my father over the edge.

At twelve o'clock, half an hour before his allotted lunch-time, he had come into the public bar, raincoat over his costume, white-faced and desperately in need of tranquillity. Fiddler and some of the boys were already there—Fiddler having won £3 on a horse the day before and being anxious to drink its health.

"Holy Mother!" said Fiddler. "But you look bad."

"A drink," gasped my father. "Gimme a drink."

NOTING his condition, they gave him a stout with a double whisky in it. He drank it down and shuddered.

"'Tis the end, Fiddler! They've done for me. I'd as soon sit in the electric chair as get back on that throne at the mercy of every budding sadist in Camberwell. Ten days I've stuck it like a holy martyr in my patience . . . but this morning, Fiddler, that was the end."

He took a swig of his second stout and whisky for strength to face the memory.

"I'm sitting up there nice and easy in myself, and all in front of me there's a queue of little girls and one boy, about seven or eight, big blue eyes, smile of a cherub—and the black heart of Satan himself. He lets go of his mother's hand and steps up to my rostrum.

"'Well, little man,' I says, in my honeyed tones, 'and what do you want for Christmas?' He moves his lips but I can't hear and so I bends my head down to him. 'Come on, my darling,' I says, 'whisper in my ear.' I cocks my head to the little angel, and what does he do but let go, full blast into it, with a water pistol."

Father took a long comforting drink and fingered the ravished ear tenderly.

"Just like that, Fiddler . . . he sloshes water into my ear. Then he smiles up into my eyes and steps down to his mother. 'And what did you ask Father Christmas for, dear?' she says to him. 'Nuffin,' he says, laughing and showing his little ferret-teeth. 'I just pistolled him in his earhole.'

"For a moment, Fiddler, I couldn't move, and they were half-way up the stairs before I got started. I had to plough my way through women and children ten-deep in these sewer boots, and it wasn't fast going. There was a lot of shouting and screaming and Gudgeon holding me back, and so that son of Dracula and his vampire mother nipped into a lift and got away. If I'd caught him, I'd have murdered him. As it was I had to content myself with pushing Gudgeon into the Magic Pool, and then beat it here."

"Easy now, boy," said Fiddler. "It's all over and done with."

"But it won't be over and done with, Fiddler. You don't know how these ideas get around. They'll all be on to it soon and every other one of 'em will be at me. I know they will, Fiddler, and I'm not going back to that throne."

It was clear his nerve had completely gone and so they bought him two more to wash away the memory, and he bought his round, and Duffy came in and stood one as well . . . and so it went on until they were all well sloshed and I came up to watch the solemn fandango they were stepping to Duffy's mournful chanting of "Kathleen Mavoureen."

It was half past one then, and Father Christmas was due at the orphans' party at three o'clock. I'd got to work fast if anything was to be salvaged from this particular wreck. They were waltzing affectionately now, and I grabbed the tail of my father's coat and tried to separate them.

"Come on, Dad," I said. "Come on home and get some dinner." Beaming hugely, they suddenly pirouetted, swung me off my feet and spun me sprawling into the gutter. All the kids from miles around had come to see Father Christmas dancing in the street, and they all laughed at me.

"You'll have to get his reindeer out, son, and drag him away."

The two great loons took the laughter for appreciation of their artistry and galumphed happily around like performing bears. I tried again to stop them, but they just pulled me off my feet and took me dancing around with them. Then, fortunately, a policeman came up. The crowd dispersed, and I turned my father in the right direction and we set off for home at an unsteady trot.

ON many occasions since, I have undoubtedly looked a greater fool in public, but I have never felt so exquisitely ridiculous as I did that sunny winter's afternoon, piloting a drunken Father Christmas through narrow streets lined with jeering kids and ladies in cloth caps leaning out of upstairs windows.

I got him home in the end and up the stairs to our bedroom. As soon as he got there, the drink came up and hit him; he spun gently round and collapsed across my bed. He was fast asleep and snoring in a moment, and I had to drag the beard out of his mouth before it choked him. I dashed water in his face, slapped his cheeks and pumped his limp arms up and down. But it was no good; he was out to the world and likely to be so for two or three hours. Stout and whisky is a slow worker, but thorough.

I sat beside him and considered the situation. It was just after two, and my father wasn't going to put in an appearance at the party. Calip's would be very angry, and I was convinced they would refuse to pay us any more money at all. A lot of the first week's money had gone on nerve-nourishment and we were back where we started—neck of mutton and a cold-comfort Christmas staring us in the face.

Then I saw how we might still save the day—I could field a substitute. As long as *a* Father Christmas turned up at the party and did his stuff, we would

# Santa Claus

*What an odd thing it was! My father couldn't keep away from the bottle — but it was the children who saw double*

**Try as I might I couldn't rouse my father. The stout and whisky had done their work too well**

# Son of Santa Claus

have kept our side of the bargain. And if he was about the same shape as my father, there was a good chance—what with the wig and beard—that no one would notice the change. But who could I get to do it? Duffy and Fiddler were both similarly indisposed. And who else was there who wouldn't be out at work?

I'd have to try to find someone, but first, I had to get the suit off my father. I pulled at the great boots but couldn't move them at all. The coat was pulled in to the waist with a heavy black leather belt, and his relaxed stomach strained it tight as a hoop round a barrel.

Father Christmas slept peacefully through my attacks and it became clear that I wasn't going to get the suit off him without his waking co-operation. So now, as well as a substitute, I needed a Father Christmas outfit. . . . And then I remembered the one at school.

DURING the holidays we were free to use the school playground, and I knew how to get into the building through the coke shute. The costumes were kept in two big cupboards which stood in the corridor connecting the school to the parent Catholic Church. I soon found the Santa Claus set. I was rolling it into a bundle when Father Gregory came in.

With amazing speed for his heavy bulk—as a young man he had played centre-half for Glasgow Celtic—he pattered up and caught me by the shoulder.

"The Father Christmas kit, eh? Come on, boy. What are you up to?"

"I . . . I wasn't stealing it, Father. I was only going to borrow it. . . ."

"You were, eh? And what would you be wanting with it?"

I spun my brain furiously but nothing came up; so, at loss for a lie, I was forced back on the truth. When I'd finished, he shook his head.

"I just don't know, boy," he said. "In a congregation passionately devoted to trouble, intemperance and scandalous living, your father manages to stand out on his own. He gets into such original difficulties. I'll come and see what I can do."

Father Gregory was as big and strong as my father, but, though he heaved and shook the sleeping body, he couldn't raise a sign of life.

"'Tis powerful stuff, that stout and whisky," he said. "We'll not be seeing anything from this boyo for an hour or two." He looked at his watch. "A quarter to three. There's nothing for it but a substitute. And who are we going to get for that, boy?"

"I hadn't thought of anyone yet, Father. It'll have to be someone about the same size as he is. . . ." A brilliant but monstrous idea struck me. "It'll have to be someone about your build, Father."

Eventually he blew out a sigh of resignation. "The things the good Lord pleases to send me. . . . Tea party relief to a drunken Father Christmas. . . ."

Duffy was at the door of Calip's trying to sleep standing up. We told him the plan and he took Father Gregory into his cubby hole to put on the costume.

We got up to the party at twenty past three and the hymn singing was in full swing. Lady Calip sat on the platform, beating time elegantly with her sheathed lorgnette. You couldn't see, at first glance, that Father Gregory wasn't my old man, and Gudgeon hurried over.

"You're late," he said. "Mark my words, you'll pay for this. And for the damage you caused this morning. But there's no time for that now. The sacks of presents are over there. When I give the signal, you start at the top table."

Twenty minutes later the hymn singing finished and Father Gregory started his work, going from table to table, distributing the presents from his two sacks, the blue one for the boys, the pink one for the girls, patting heads, chatting away and altogether putting up a delightful and dignified show. Happily, but respectfully, the children received their presents, behaving with all the decorum they had been told that Lady Calip would expect. She sat in her chair, yellow wizened face under a Queen Mary hat, nodding rhythmically in approbation of what she saw. The faces of the senior staff relaxed as they saw the end of the party safely in view.

But they relaxed too soon. I'd underestimated my father's powers of recovery. And so, when Father Gregory was about half-way along the tables, my father, in full Santa Claus costume, the beard stained pale-brown by stout, appeared in the doorway.

"STOP," he shouted thickly. "Stop the party! Close all the doors! That's not Father Christmas. He's an impostor. This is me . . . I'm Father Christmas and I've got my badge to prove it." He clumped forward through the ranks of staring orphans, holding out the store's pass badge on his lapel. Gudgeon came across to head him off, caught a back-hander in the chest and collapsed across a table of jellies. Lady Calip reared on her throne, peering through her lorgnette.

"Impostor! Charlatan!" cried my father. "I'm the one to be giving out the presents. 'Tis my duty. . . ."

He grabbed the pink sack and tried to get it away from his substitute. Failing to break his hold, he closed with him. They struggled ponderously for a moment or two, tripped, fell and wrestled across the floor.

"I'll show you who's Father Christmas here," muttered my father. "Try to sneak my job, would you. . . ."

"Stop it," hissed the priest. "I'm Father Gregory. I'm trying to help you out of trouble. . . ."

"So it's Father Gregory y'are, eh? And I'm Joan of Arc. And you've the gall to take the name of the priest himself in vain, have you. . . ."

I MOVED in close to them to see what I could do. They rolled suddenly and swept me off my feet. I fell on top of my father and got my mouth to his ear.

"Stop it, Dad," I said. "Stop it! It *is* Father Gregory. I got him to take your place because you passed out. You're just spoiling everything. . . ."

It got through to him and he released his hold and slid away. "Holy Saints!" he whispered. "Father Gregory! And I laid violent hands on him."

The two Father Christmases sat up on the floor, a few feet apart, my old man leaning against the pink sack, Father Gregory recovering breath by the blue. Everybody stood up in a questioning, uneasy silence. The bosses on the platform were paralysed with horror, just waiting for the chopper. Lady Calip snapped her lorgnette shut and made to descend to the floor.

I didn't know what to do. There I was, with a surfeit of Santa Clauses, both certain to blame me for their predicament, and likely to consider a thick ear and a load of penance about right for my Christmas stocking.

And then, it being clear that no one else was qualified to deal with the situation, God took a hand.

A little boy handed Father Gregory a balloon on the end of a stick.

"I like you best," he said. "You're my Father Christmas."

The priest reached across and hit my father on top of the head with the balloon. Then he held the blue sack up in the air.

"That's one for the boys," he cried. "That's me. I'm the Father Christmas for the boys. He's the Father Christmas for the girls." And he bashed my father again with the balloon.

The little boy laughed uproariously. "Rotten old girls!" he shouted.

A little girl with black pigtails ran across to my father and gave him a balloon and a plume of streamers. Dad cottoned on to the idea, picked up the pink sack and went into action.

"Who's on my side?" he shouted. "I'm for the girls."

A great female shriek rose up, and he and Father Gregory went at it hammer and tongs. The whole place blew up in laughter and clapping and shouting, the girls egging on my secular, the boys, my spiritual father. The two champions bounded about the floor, belting each other like a couple of jesters, whirling their sacks like pillow-fighters, and ad-libbing all sorts of tumbles and comic retaliations as they got into the swing of it. Finally, they reeled exhausted to an affectionate peace and collapsed ceremoniously into each other's arms.

"Now," said Father Gregory, holding up his hands, "I want all the boys to show these girls and their old Father Christmas how to sing. We'll make it 'Coming Round the Mountain,' and Lady Calip shall be the judge. So three cheers for her ladyship!"

The cheers shrilled up, the singing rattled the windows and, meanwhile, the distribution of the presents was finished. As the laughter and applause rolled about her, Lady Calip stopped at the steps to the platform, hesitated for a moment, then, as a sudden smile beamed across her face, went back to her seat again. The bosses returned in phalanx with her and she began to get a real glow on, beating time with her parasol, rocking back and forth in laughter and having a high old time.

From then on it was all plain sailing: tug-of-war, each sex mustered behind its Father Christmas, follow-my-leader in great whooping snakes, balloon-battling; at last it was time to go. . . .

Scarlet-faced, gasping, the Santa Clauses collapsed into chairs.

"Holy Mother!" breathed my father. "I'm sweated stone sober."

Lady Calip came up with the manager. "I think you were simply wonderful, my good men," she said. "A capital party. So much more fun than last year. You worked splendidly and you must be worn out. It was such a clever novelty, Mr. Blenkinsop, having two Father Christmases. Whose idea was it?"

The manager was caught on the hop. "I really don't know whose idea. . . ."

It was then my father showed that deep down inside he was a good man. He pointed to Mr. Gudgeon, disconsolate by the wall, scraping jelly off the seat of his trousers.

"It was Mr. Gudgeon's idea, sir," he said. "The credit should be his."

"Excellent, Mr. Gudgeon," said Lady Calip. "So good of you at this busy time to take all that trouble to amuse the children. We must see, Mr. Blenkinsop, that Mr. Gudgeon's excellent work is not forgotten in the New Year promotions."

Father Gregory pulled at my jersey. "Quick, boy," he whispered. "Show me the back way."

While they were all engrossed in Gudgeon, I piloted him down the back stairs to Duffy's cubby hole. He shed the costume and put on his coat.

"Thank you, Father," I said.

"No time for talking, now. I've got to get out of here before anybody finds what I've been up to. You tell your father and Duffy that if they breathe a word about this I'll . . . I'll see they're excommunicated!"

WHEN I got back upstairs, my father and Gudgeon were shaking hands.

". . . and Mr. Blenkinsop insists that you have an extra bonus of three pounds," Gudgeon was saying.

"'Tis fine and Christian of him," said my father. Deciding to play his luck, he went on. "And I'll have to be paying my assistant for his part. But he'll not be wanting three pounds."

"Your assistant? Of course. Let us say two pounds. . . ."

My father thought he had cleaned up a neat fiver for himself that way, but I made him go and give his £2 to Father Gregory. The priest gave him £1 back for himself and told him to put the other in the poor box.

We left our mark on Calip's all right. If ever life takes you down the Old Kent Road at Christmas and you call in at the store, you'll find they still have two Father Christmases, one for the girls, and one for the boys. And nobody really remembers why. THE END

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MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME • by Roger Smithells

# Look Lively

**Patterns, well chosen and well mixed, can add an element of excitement and charm to your decorations**

SHUT your eyes quickly and tell yourself how many patterned surfaces there are in the room where you are sitting.

Now to check your memory. My guess is that you forgot some of the patterns in that room. It may have been a draught screen or a cushion cover or a set of china plates on the dresser which you overlooked. These can be "patterned surfaces" just as much as the walls and curtains and chair covers which are so much more noticeable. But we think much less about pattern than we do about colour in our homes, although a good pattern scheme contributes just as much as a good colour scheme to the success of a room.

Pattern in room decoration is like spice in pudding: it should be added carefully and not be allowed to wander over every available surface, as it did in Victorian times. A balance of plain and patterned areas makes an interesting room. One without the other is boring. So here are some hints which may help you with your pattern-scheming.

## Flattery and disguise

On walls and ceilings, a patterned wallpaper can disguise bad proportions, and emphasize good features. A low-ceilinged room can be made to appear higher by using a paper with a vertical pattern, and leaving the ceiling white. Conversely, too-high a room can be improved by putting a formally designed paper on the ceiling and leaving the walls plain.

A pair of alcoves beside the fireplace can be spotlighted by filling them with a bright paper, or the chimney breast can be picked out in contrast to plain surrounding walls. Odd bulges or projections on the surface of the wall can be made to disappear altogether if they are papered to match the walls around them.

If you are going to cover all the walls of a room with the same paper, choose a small unobtrusive design or a quiet stripe. If you are papering only one wall you can use a much bolder pattern. In a small room, use small designs; a large pattern will give you a cramped feeling. In a large room, a large pattern will look its best whilst a small pattern may be lost altogether.

Patterned walls also have a practical value in any place where they are liable to be marked. A wallpaper, preferably washable, down the staircase wall, or on the wall behind a divan bed, can keep decorations looking fresher longer.

In the same way, patterned carpets and flooring materials have the practical advantage of showing dirt and footmarks less than plain floor. But a patterned floor dominates the room

**A happy combination of patterns makes for varied decoration in this small dining-room. The mood of the moulded ceiling is continued by the Crown wallpaper on the wall by the window. This is a washable design of lilac sprays and yellow roses on a dark background (No. H9266, 12s. 10d. a roll). Striped curtains in lilac and white, and black-and-white checked linoleum on the floor, all blend pleasantly together**

An attic room before redecorating. The patterned wallpaper on the low wall emphasizes its lowness by marking too clearly the join between the wall and ceiling

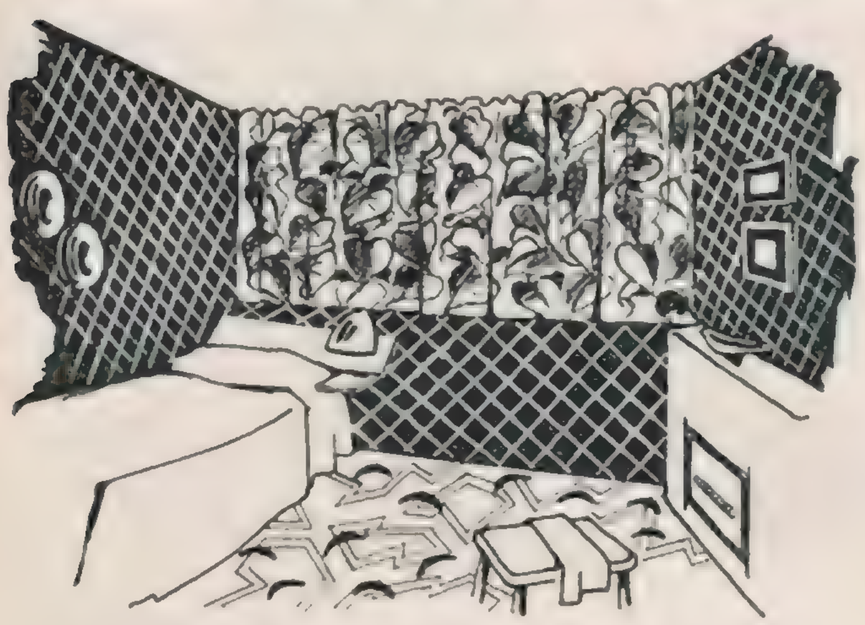
After decoration. Crown wallpaper No. P55967, 9s. 6d. a roll, a washable design of blue flowers on white links the ceiling with the wall—a happier arrangement

There is no surface which may not be covered with pattern, and here it has been used everywhere. Too many similar designs give a restless, fussy impression

Plain walls and pelmet, and a simpler striped chair covering, immediately give the room a more restful look. These surfaces are simplest and cheapest to change

An eye-catching and boldly patterned wallpaper on all four walls can be overwhelming even in a large room. It will make a small room look thoroughly cramped

Here used to highlight the chimney breast only, the same wallpaper looks dramatic but not oppressive. If you paper too many walls, paint over some



A large-scale pattern looks top-heavy on a short curtain, and in this room combines badly with busily patterned carpet and wallpaper, all competing for attention

A better balanced scheme: the patterned carpet is replaced with a plain one; one wall left papered, the curtain lengthened to make the pattern more effective

*continued from previous page*

because it covers such a large area, and you are unlikely to be able to afford to change it so often as the rest of the decorations. So pause before buying a heavily patterned carpet. A plainish one may leave you a freer hand with your decorations in years to come.

If you do choose pattern for the floor, choose a regular, unobtrusive design which is restful to look at. Don't, I beg you, choose one of those strong, scattered patterns which look as though they mean to trip you up. If you have patterned linoleum or variegated parquet, and you are buying rugs to scatter over the floor, choose plain colours which will not clash with the surrounding patterns.

Walls and curtains should normally provide a contrast—plain for one, pattern for the other. But you can have them identical if you use one of the Sanderson twins—wallpapers and cotton satin curtains which match exactly. Small windows dotted about in odd places on the wall are best camouflaged by using plain fabric of the same colour as the wall. But one big, deep picture window gives you a grand opportunity to achieve a dramatic effect with boldly patterned fabric. When the curtains are drawn at night they make a whole patterned wall, and if you extend the curtain rails and pelmets on either side of the window you can still have your curtains on show as decorative wall hangings by day.

For short curtains use a small design, or a textured fabric, for longer curtains larger patterns. Ask to see the fabric draped in the shop before you buy it, to make sure that the design will be shown at its best when hung.

For chair covers choose patterns in the same scale and character with the chair. Large designs cut very wastefully and, except on a huge settee, seldom do justice either to chair or fabric. So select a small patterned or textured fabric for upholstered furniture.

Wooden chairs or upholstered chairs with wooden arms need covers in character with their wood. Simple oak or beech chairs can take a patterned fabric. More sophisticated polished or heavily carved woods look better with plain covers or cushions. Covers made in the same patterned material can link together a miscellaneous collection of chairs and are best used against a fairly plain background.

Small areas of pattern—pictures, plates, rugs, cushions and hangings such as Chinese or Japanese silk panels, or samplers—look well against plain background. Grouping is important. A silk panel can hold its own, but plates are better in groups on a wall; so are small pictures. These groups of small objects make a pattern in themselves.

There is an art in mixing patterns as in mixing colours. Patterns which are rather similar do not mix well. Several floral designs mixed together can look a dreadful mess, particularly if one is traditional and the others modern. It is better to combine patterns of different types. A floral curtain will look better teamed with a striped rug and a tweedy textured chair than it would if all the designs were of the same family.

Let some colour link run through your scheme. If you have one heavily patterned surface—a wall, carpet or curtain—pick out colours from it for the plain surfaces. The various colours in one pattern can supply the colour scheme for a whole room.

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# The story of a beautiful princess

by REX GRIZELL

Happy Christmas . . .
and for Alexandra
that means
Happy Birthday.
The tempestuous
tomboy has made
a fairy-tale
come true

ON Christmas morning twenty-two years ago a forty-one gun salute reverberated through the frosty air to herald to the world the birth of a Royal princess. "It's the only nice thing that's happened this twelvemonth," said the Queen (now the Queen Mother) when she heard the news. . . . It was the year of the abdication.

The little golden-haired Princess, great-granddaughter of King Edward the Seventh, was christened at Buckingham Palace on February 9, 1937, with the names Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel.

Until she was five years old the Princess was always dressed completely in white, with pretty ribbons in her hair. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who spent hours brushing Alexandra's fair hair to make it curl, believed that if the Princess saw only beautiful things during her first years she would acquire a love of beauty which would last throughout her life.

But as the Princess grew up there were moments when her mother began to doubt the value of the theory. Alexandra became a hot-tempered, boisterous tomboy. She did not care for dolls or toy tea-sets; she preferred riding-clothes to dresses and liked climbing trees and fighting with her brothers.

At Coppins, the Duchess's comfortable Victorian house at Iver, Buckinghamshire, the nursery rang with the noise of battle for supremacy. Once, at Balmoral, Alexandra and her brother were fishing when he taunted her with not being able to catch as many trout as he could. She trounced him with a fishing rod.

In 1942, when the Princess was five, her father was killed in an air crash. By Royal standards the Duke

# The story of a beautiful princess

*continued from previous page*

was not wealthy and he left most of his money on trust to his son. In order that her children might later take their place in public life, the Duchess had to economize.

Alexandra received only 6d. a week pocket money. She spent it in the village shop. In 1947 many of the beautiful things she had grown up with disappeared from the house when her father's collection of antiques and art treasures was auctioned.

Alexandra was the first English princess to go to school, first to a private day school near her home in Iver. But she was not allowed to forget her Royal status. At home she took extra French lessons, and had to learn them standing, a first step in her preparation for public life.

In 1947 she went to Heathfield, an exclusive girls' boarding school at Ascot. She was an average student, not too bright at maths or geography, but good at history and literature. Though she retained her taste for an outdoor life, and her boisterous energy, she was not good at sports.

When the school second lacrosse team played an away game, a water fight developed in the changing-room after the match. Princess Alexandra dashed into a bathroom, locked the door and filled a jug with water. When someone banged on the door she opened it quickly and threw the water all over the "enemy." It was the school matron.

At sixteen, when she left Heathfield, Princess Alexandra gave little promise of becoming the beautiful young woman she is today. She was described as a "tall, gauche schoolgirl, concerned about puppy fat" and as "gawky."

## Paris grooming

In 1953 the Duchess sent her to Paris to "finish." She returned more aware of herself. She began to take a greater interest in clothes and she went to a Mayfair hairdresser to have her hair done in a more sophisticated style.

But the suggestion of mischievous schoolgirl was still there. At a Red Cross meeting a small cockney boy forgot all he had been told about calling the Princess "Ma'am." "Wotcher," he said simply. "Wotcher," she replied, showing for the first time in public her complete lack of pomposity and a natural gift for putting people at ease.

But in her first official duties she was sometimes rather self-conscious. At a Junior Red Cross rally at St. James's Palace in June, 1954, she made her speech nervously, she mislaid her handbag once and dropped her gloves twice, and dived under the table for them, blushing and saying, "Bother."

In August and September, 1954, the Princess accompanied the Duchess of Kent on a tour of Eastern Canada. The papers then referred to her as "a schoolgirl who had become a poised princess."

Royal princesses come of age at eighteen, and Alexandra's circle of friends was rapidly expanding. The Kents now had a London home, a grace-and-favour suite of twenty rooms in Kensington Palace. At débutante parties the Princess was a keen and energetic dancer.

Her high spirits have often been in evidence at dances. Once she burst into a society ball waving a huge mop and saying: "I'm Old Mother Kent and I've come to do for you."

Though she was gradually assuming a more important rôle in public life, the Princess did not retire behind Royal defences. She rode on buses; she went shopping, accompanied only by her lady-in-waiting, and sometimes bought off-the-peg dresses.

When she walked in unexpectedly on a television rehearsal, comedian Bob Monkhouse was struck at once by her beauty but did not recognize her. "Hallo, darling, you interested in television?" he said.

As the number of her official engagements has increased, Princess Alexandra has lost her awkwardness in public, though she still does not like formality. "If it's all very pompous I always want to laugh," she has said.

## Down the slip

Even last year the Princess was still inclined to do the unexpected at an official engagement. When she went to launch the frigate Jaguar at Dumbarton the ship did not budge after she had hurled the bottle at the bows. The crowd of workers began to chant: "Give her a shove." With a broad smile, Alexandra ran forward and pushed with all her strength. Her action coincided with the freeing of the ship, and to the delight of the crowd it slid away.

But she finally said goodbye to the "schoolgirl" on Twelfth Night last year, when her twenty-first birthday party was held at Kensington Palace.

In a shimmering white evening gown, statuesque, as beautiful as any mother could wish, Alexandra received two hundred guests and danced among them until five in the morning.

In the year that folowed she accepted a greater part in public life, often fulfilling three or four engagements in a week. She is now patron of fifteen organizations.

She carries out her Royal duties with a combination of dignity, charm and pleasant informality. As the only girl of the Royal Family who has had an upbringing similar to that of many ordinary young women, her views are important. It is obvious that the Queen and her advisers believe that she can do a valuable job for Britain.

Next year Alexandra will make her first foreign tour alone, spending six weeks in Australia.

Not long ago the Princess opened a new nurse's school at the Western Hospital, Fulham. As she passed through the hospital she noticed three men in pyjamas at the window of the men's chest ward. She went across to them and said, "Hallo." Then she put her head through the window and posed while one of the men fetched a camera from his locker and took a photograph of her.

That's the kind of gesture Australians will love.

THE END

***Nursery:*** **Already, at the age of two, Alexandra has acquired her distinctive—and slightly slanting—smile. Her playmate is brother Edward. They lived then at Coppins, a Victorian house in Buckinghamshire**

***Celebrity:*** **Now Alexandra finds herself in the full glare of publicity. Camera bulbs flash as she drives home from the theatre with friends**

***Schooldays:*** With her classmates at Heathfield School, Ascot, the princess (right) carries her spade to the practical gardening class

***Seventeen:*** The sweet little girl is growing into a mature and beautiful woman. Next Christmas she would come of age

***Début:*** Appropriately, the Alexandra Rose Day Ball was the first that Alexandra attended publicly. She wore a floral-patterned evening gown by Norman Hartnell

***Duty:*** A princess has many public functions to attend. Alexandra chats to a German boy at a camp for crippled Scouts at Gilwell Park

# The hour of truth

*continued from page 14*

towards the Villa Maya. There was even moonlight, lacing the dark water with silver—and Adrian playing the "Moonlight Sonata."

I turned and went back up the steps to the small terrace and through into the lighted room where Adrian sat. He grinned as he saw me, and stopped.

"Please go on," I said.

"No. It's sending me to sleep. It's too sentimental. I was playing for your benefit, darling."

He got up and reached for the bottle of *Rioja* on the table.

"It's lovely here," I said.

Adrian moved to the window. "Not bad, is it?" he said. "Aunt Isabel came across with some of the necessary."

"Are you going to take me to see your aunt, Adrian?"

"Yes, if you like." He returned to the piano. "You won't mind being on your own tomorrow, will you?"

I hadn't thought as far as tomorrow; I liked the villa, but I did not care at all for the idea of being alone.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"I told you. I've got to finish this business. There is a van coming through in the morning from Sitges which will pick me up and take me to Esteroca."

"Can't I come with you?"

"No. There's work to do and you'd only be in the way." He gave me his brittle smile and broke into the opening passages of the Iberian—restless, gay, brilliant and disturbing.

He had soon forgotten all about me, immersed in his own music, and did not even know I was in the room or not. . . .

Next day it was too hot to be very active. I read a novel, and started a letter to my sister Helen. After lunch I slept. At about four o'clock I took a towel and went down to swim.

A little way out I turned and looked back at the villa. In the distance behind, the mountains swelled against the sky in hazy tones of blue and ochre, and farther round on the left, where the land jutted out in a rocky promontory, was a cluster of houses, yellow and pink and brown, crowding round a little harbour. There was no one to be seen.

In a leisurely way I made for the shore. No. I wasn't quite alone after all. A figure stood on the beach, looking out to sea.

Adrian? No, not Adrian. A man, though, bare-headed, in a short-sleeved shirt and linen trousers.

A minute more, and I was close enough in to recognize his features. It was Frant. . . .

For a blind moment of panic I tried to pretend I hadn't seen him. I dived and surfaced with my back to the shore and messed about as though I hadn't a care in the world.

What was I going to do? Supposing I swam along parallel to the beach and came out farther along? . . . But he could easily keep up.

So I came out, shaking back my wet hair, and he stood watching me.

He said pleasantly: "You looked as though you were enjoying yourself."

I was shaking; my whole body was trembling. I wiped my face and rubbed some of the wetness out of my hair. I clenched my teeth to stop them from chattering. I couldn't look at him.

Presently, I said: "What do you want?"

He said: "I brought your suitcase; I left it on the terrace."

"How thoughtful of you. Was that . . . the only thing that brought you?"

"Not altogether. There is something I have to say."

I looked about me desperately, at the sea and the soft warm sand. "Adrian isn't here," I said.

"I know that."

"I can't help you," I stammered. "There's nothing I can do. It's useless. You're just wasting your time."

I couldn't even stand any longer. I sank down upon the sand, unthinkingly scrubbing my arms with the towel. I was cold, despite the bright sun.

Frant's shadow fell across me as he stooped. He said: "It's the other way round. I'm trying to help you—don't you understand?" His voice was quiet and grave. He said gently: "Stacey. . . ."

I looked up at that—startled, in some strange way, less by his use of my name than the tone in which he spoke it.

He put a hand on my arm; it rested there for a moment, warm and strong, very brown against my own pale skin.

"You're cold," he said. "Go in and get dressed."

I said: "Please go away." I tried to steady my voice. "There's nothing you can say that I want to hear . . . nothing I'll listen to . . . in any case it's nothing to do with me."

I moved my arm with a jerk, but his hand tightened on it, holding me.

"That's why I'm here," he said. "If I weren't certain of that, I wouldn't have come. But I wanted to warn you."

I stared at him with stony blindness. I said: "Take your hand off me."

He obeyed, the action slow, reluctant, and seeming to leave something of his touch still on my skin; I broke my gaze away, rubbed the place with my towel, but the warmth—the sensation of pressure—lingered.

"Listen, Stacey," he said quietly. "I want you to leave Spain. There's a

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*See pages 2 & 3*

# The hour of truth

*continued from previous page*

plane going out from Barcelona tonight with a vacant seat."

His eyes were very grave.

He said: "There's an extradition warrant being applied for for your husband's arrest on a charge of murder."

A wind spun over the sand, fanning it over my feet. I got up, gripping my towel against me and ran up the beach towards the villa. I stumbled up the terrace steps, stumbled into something that blocked my way. My suitcase. I left it there and went gropingly through to the bedroom beyond.

After a minute I crept on my bare feet across the polished wood floor and peered through the slatted shutters. Frant was standing where I had left him. He turned and started walking up the beach, lifting his head so that it seemed as though he was looking straight at me, but I knew he could not see me behind the shutter.

Somehow I got out of my swim-suit and began dragging on my dress. Frant was on the terrace now. He called out: "Shall I bring the case in?"

"Wait a minute."

Wait for what? I had nothing more to say. Of course, it was a trick. He would have come by car, and he'd offer to take me back to Barcelona. Maybe his intention was to hold me as a hostage and then bargain with Adrian for whatever it was he wanted.

When at last I emerged from the bedroom, he was framed by the long open windows of the terrace, gazing out across the water. As if we were still in the middle of a conversation, he said: "He won't get away."

I said on a breath: "Adrian didn't murder Lorentes. . . ."

"He'll be given every opportunity of proving his innocence." Frant came to me and placed his hands on my arms above my elbows. "I wish to God this had happened any other way."

I stared up at him. There were flecks of darkness in his grey eyes; sombreness, compassion. Almost I was persuaded to believe him. Almost. . . .

I MOVED, and he let his hands drop. I said: "The other day at the hotel you said the police only wanted to question him, because they thought he might be able to help you fill in the blanks."

"There have been developments now."

"What do you mean?"

He ignored that and said: "You told me that he'd be the first to come forward if he knew that he was wanted to help the police. But he hasn't, has he?"

"For the very good reason that he mistrusts you. Whoever killed Miguel Lorentes was after something. How do we know you're not the one? You say you're working with the police. We've only your word for it."

He took out another cigarette.

"So you think I'm after the jewels?" When I didn't reply he repeated, apparently incredulously: "Is that really what you think?"

"You've changed your tune, haven't you?" I suggested. "The other day you professed to know nothing about the motives behind Lorentes's murder."

"As I said, there have been developments. I've been in touch with Señora Pertegaz in Madrid. She was able to tell me a great deal. Scotland Yard have made certain advances themselves in the meantime and, with what I had learned at this end, it was decided to go ahead with the extradition order."

I stared at him numbly. "If it's really true," I said at last, "then they're making a terrible mistake! Can't you do something? Can't you stop them? Adrian had nothing to do with Miguel's death. He was helping him . . . they were in this together—to restore the jewels to the church."

Frant frowned down at the cigarette, still unlighted, in his fingers. "I've told you," he said, "I can't stop it. It's out of my hands."

"Very well then." I was angry now. "If my husband is in trouble, my place is with him. Adrian is innocent. It wouldn't help him much to run out on him, would it? Thank you . . . for the flattering suggestion that I might."

"Yes. I should have known better." A faint smile touched his mouth; it was queerly bitter. "I'm sorry."

He turned away and walked through on to the terrace and out of sight.

I went on standing against the piano. After a while the sound of a motor came to me—his car, out in the lane. I moved then, ran to another window at the front of the house, but he'd gone.

I looked round wildly. There was my suitcase, where Frant had put it down—and there was my unfinished letter to Helen.

I read the letter through. There was nothing now I dared add to it, so I finished it off. "No more now, darling. Much love. Stacey."

It looked very shakily written. I hadn't put any address or date on

it. My hand still trembling, I wrote with laborious care, like a child in kindergarten, "Villa Maya." The date was the ninth . . . no, the tenth. That touched some chord of memory. Where had I seen some reference to the tenth? Yes, of course. The message among Adrian's papers, the slip he had torn up and scattered over the floor. *Calliope, Torrelevante, 10th.* . . . What was it? Somebody's party he'd been invited to, at their villa.

I folded my letter clumsily. It was as I was addressing the envelope that I heard the sound of an engine again.

Someone unlatched the gate and walked up the paved path under the trellis of pink roses. It was the young son of Adrian's Barcelona friends.

"Señora. . . ." He seemed strangely flustered. "Please, is Adrian here?"

"No, I'm sorry. He's been away all day. Can I give him a message?"

ERNESTO gave me an uncertain smile. "It's a little difficult. . . . It's like this, señora, someone came to our house asking questions, and my mother. . . ."

"An Englishman?" I said. "Dark-haired, tall, with grey eyes?"

"Yes—you know him?"

"His name is Frant. He has just been here. Have you come from Barcelona?"

"Yes. I borrowed my friend's motorcycle. I thought perhaps I should tell Adrian, because you see my mother——" He hesitated. "Oh well then, señora—if, as you say, he has already been, it's too late, it doesn't matter."

"It does matter! Come inside, Ernesto. . . ." There was no one to be seen, but I was frightened. "Please come in! What exactly do you know about this affair?"

Finally he said: "I have no part in it, you understand, señora, but am aware that Adrian is engaged on some private business and that he is anxious to avoid the Englishman. Unfortunately, we did not realize that my mother knew the address of this villa, and before I could warn her she told the Englishman, who said that he came from Adrian's aunt, Doña Isabella, and that it was a matter of urgency for him to find Adrian."

I had to take a chance. "Ernesto," I said, "have you heard of the jewels of Santa Maria?"

"Many times. They were stolen."

"Not stolen," I said. "Hidden, for safety's sake. It's Adrian's hope to return them. Two men knew they were hidden. One of them—the one who knew where they were hidden—is dead. The other, we think, is his murderer."

Ernesto's brown eyes widened. "The Englishman—this Frant?"

"We . . . don't know," I said. Was I sure in my mind about Frant after all? "But Frant spells trouble. . . . If only I could reach Adrian."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No. Somewhere in the hills. Perhaps at Esteroca. Juan might know. Probably he is on his way back here—and it's not safe for him to return."

"Shall I go up to Esteroca?"

"How far is it?"

His face was serious. "Perhaps an hour and a half, maybe a little less."

"Can you take me with you?"

He looked startled. "You, señora! On a motor bicycle?" He grinned. "You'll feel cold in the hills."

"All right . . . look, I wanted to post a letter . . . I've no stamp. . . ."

"We can get one as we go through Torrelevante."

"Torrelevante!" I stared at him.

"It's just along the coast—a small fishing village and one or two shops."

I scrawled a note for Adrian: *I am with Ernesto, looking for you. F. has been here.*

Ernesto posted my letter in Torrelevante. Once through the village we turned to the right, following a bumpy road that ran inland by the side of the stony bed of a dried-up stream. For the first mile or two the country was flat. Then we began to rise and the road swung round the first of the hills.

The noise of the machine in my ears was deafening and I began to feel as though I had never known anything else. But then suddenly we came to a halt. A little way ahead, where the road should have been, was a yawning gap.

"It is unfortunate," Ernesto said. "I'm sorry, señora—there has been a landslide. We will have to go the other way. It is a much longer way up and a little rough, but we have no choice."

He restarted the engine and turned, and we were spinning downhill the way we had come. In no time at all we came to the fork of the other road, swerved round the bend and started up again. We had not gone far when a black car came hurtling towards us, shooting out suddenly from behind a sheer wall of rock. . . .

Miraculously, there was no collision. Ernesto pulled up. I opened my eyes.

"What happened?" I said. I was afraid to look round.

Ernesto shut off the engine, grinning round at me. "We are lucky, you see."

He got off the saddle, and helped me dismount. I stood looking downhill. The black car had pulled up and Adrian was walking back towards us.

It was fantastic. I ran to meet him.

"Stacey!" he exclaimed. "What the hell's the matter? What are you doing, careering about up here?" He shook me. "Stacey! Stop gibbering!"

"Frant's found us," I said urgently. "There's a warrant out for your arrest."

I stopped, breathless. For a moment we stood in silence. His hands were gripping my arms as Frant had gripped me. That other moment came back to me and I shut my mind against it.

He said at last: "Lorentes?"

I nodded.

"I didn't kill him, you know," he said slowly.

HE let go of me and walked past me on up the hill to where Ernesto was. I heard their voices as they stood talking. Below me in the black car I could see Juan in the driver's seat; he got out, standing in the roadway with his hands on his hips, looking upwards.

The motor-bike engine suddenly started into life again. Ernesto turned it and came down the hill, saluting me as he passed. The fussy putter of the engine soared in the silent stillness of the air but by the time Adrian had walked back to where I was sitting it had faded and died.

He said softly: "You bloody little fool. This is your doing. You know that, don't you? You've bitched the whole damned thing."

If he'd struck me in the face it would have been easier to bear. It was horrible. Not just the words, but the way he was looking at me, the fury that twisted his face into a mask of hate.

"*Adrian*. . . ." I stumbled to my feet, shaking.

"Why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? If you hadn't bleated to Frant about Aunt Isabel, we'd have been in the clear."

"Then you did. . . ." I was suddenly frozen. "You did . . . oh, no, Adrian, no!"

"*No!*" he echoed. He mouthed the word savagely. "If you mean Lorentes, no, I did not! I didn't kill Lorentes. I didn't touch him."

"Oh, darling, forgive me! I didn't . . . I. . . ."

"Did Frant come on his own?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Why?" Adrian asked. "*Why* did Frant come? Just to tell you that?"

"He said that—that he didn't want me to be involved. He wanted me to leave Spain at once."

There was a silence. At last Adrian said: "Why didn't you go?"

"Would you have expected me to?"

"In any case it would have been a bit late. You're involved already, darling. Here. . . ." He took his hand from his pocket and held something out to me. "Take it, have a good look at it, for I'll bet you've never seen anything like it before."

He forced it into my palm. It was a ring, the gold of the heavy, elaborately wrought setting encrusted and blackened with dirt—the stone, surrounded with pearls, filmed over and dull.

It was the largest emerald I had ever seen.

*NEXT WEEK: The thieves fall out—and another man dies*

© *Denise Egerton, 1958*

# Montgomery

*continued from page 11*

whole front; such a procedure would be exactly what the Germans would like and would not be in accord with our agreed strategy.

We had already (on July 25) launched the break-out operation on the right flank. It was an all-out offensive; it was gathering momentum rapidly. The British Second Army was fighting to keep the Germans occupied on the left flank. Our strategy was at last about to reap its full reward. What was the trouble?

It was then pointed out to Eisenhower that if he had any feelings that I was not running the battle as he wished he should most certainly tell me so in no uncertain voice; it was for him to order what he wanted and to put all his cards on the table and tell me exactly what he thought.

Eisenhower clearly was shy of doing this. He was then asked if he would like the C.I.G.S. to help. Would Eisenhower like the C.I.G.S. to tell me what he had said? Would Eisenhower like the C.I.G.S. to accompany him on a visit to me?

Eisenhower didn't take to any of these suggestions.

In a few days' time, with the break-out on the western flank, we were to gain a victory which was to be acclaimed as the greatest achievement in military history. The British had had the unspectacular rôle in the battle and in the end it would be made to appear in the American press as an American victory.

All that was accepted. But we all knew that if it had not been for the part played by the British Second Army the Americans could never have broken out.

The strategy of the Normandy campaign was British and it succeeded because of first-class teamwork on the part of all the forces engaged—British and American. But just when final victory was in sight whispers went round the British forces that the Supreme Commander had complained that we were not doing our fair share of the fighting.

I do not think that great and good man, now one of my greatest friends, had any idea of the trouble he was starting. From that time onwards there were always "feelings" between the British and American forces till the war ended.

Patton's remarks from time to time did not help. When stopped by Bradley at Argentan he said: "Let me go on to Falaise and we'll drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk."

It was always very clear to me that Ike and I were poles apart when it came to the conduct of war.

My military doctrine was based on unbalancing the enemy while keeping well balanced myself. Eisenhower's creed appeared to me to be that there must be aggressive action on the part of everyone at all times. Everybody must attack all the time. I remember Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, once likened him to a football coach: he was up and down the line all the time, encouraging everyone to get on with the game. This philosophy was expensive in life.

On August 11, when the Battle of Normandy was nearing its end, the total casualties were:

| | |
|---|---|
| British and Canadian ... | 68,000 |
| American ... ... | 102,000 |
| | 170,000 |

We then had thirty-seven divisions in France, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 12 (U.S.) Army Group ... | 21 |
| 21 Army Group ... ... | 16 |

These differences in military outlook were, of course, used by my critics at Supreme Headquarters to make trouble, and I always thought it was they who persuaded Eisenhower to complain to the Prime Minister that the Second Army wasn't fighting as it should. Such action was the greatest disservice that could ever have been done to the Allied cause.

## The final victory

The Battle of Normandy can be said to have ended on August 19, as it was on this day that we finally cleaned up the remnants of the enemy trapped in the "pocket" east of Mortain. The final victory was definite, complete and decisive. The following table shows the enemy losses in the battle.

| | |
|---|---|
| Army commanders, corps commanders, divisional commanders—killed or captured ... ... | 20 |
| Army commanders wounded (Rommel, Hausser) ... ... ... | 2 |
| Supreme commanders dismissed (von Rundstedt, von Kluge) ... | 2 |
| Divisions eliminated or savagely mauled ... ... ... | About 40 |
| Total enemy losses: Difficult to estimate accurately. Probably about 300,000, but some German authorities would put the total at under 200,000. | |
| Guns captured and destroyed ... | Over 3,000 |
| Tanks destroyed ... | Over 1,000 |

The German situation in France in the middle of August, 1944, was desperate.

It was my view that the end of the war in Europe was most certainly "within reach." But what was now needed were quick decisions and, above all, a plan. And so far as I was aware we had no plan.

I had one ready and, before the final operations of the Normandy fighting were completed, I decided to visit Bradley and try to get his agreement. On August 17 my Tac Headquarters was at Le Bény Bocage and I flew on that day to see Bradley near Fougères.

I put to him my outline plan. Its success depended on the concentration of Allied strength, and therefore of maintenance resources, on the left wing. Bradley agreed entirely with this.

On August 20 Eisenhower held a staff meeting at his Advanced H.Q. in Normandy to collect ideas for the future conduct of the war. My chief of staff attended. Certain decisions were reached. Briefly these were: (*a*) To change the system of command on September 1, Eisenhower taking personal command himself of the Army Groups; (*b*) 12 Army Group to be directed towards Metz and the Saar, where it would link up with the Dragoon force.

## Two hours with Ike

The staff then began work on a directive to be sent to me. De Guingand suggested it might be as well to consult me before any action was taken; this was agreed, and he came to my Tac Headquarters that night.

As I did not agree with the decisions which had been reached, I sent de Guingand back to see Eisenhower and gave him some notes on the problem to take with him. He spent two hours with Eisenhower on August 22 trying to persuade him on certain points of principle. Eisenhower was given the notes I had written and was told that on August 17 Bradley had expressed his

CHRISTMAS—3

We children were always shown our presents last, and the suspense was agonizing. And when finally our turn came, the floor was rapidly inundated with a sea of wrapping paper, through which we pedalled and honked in toy motors.

Duke of Windsor

**BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME**
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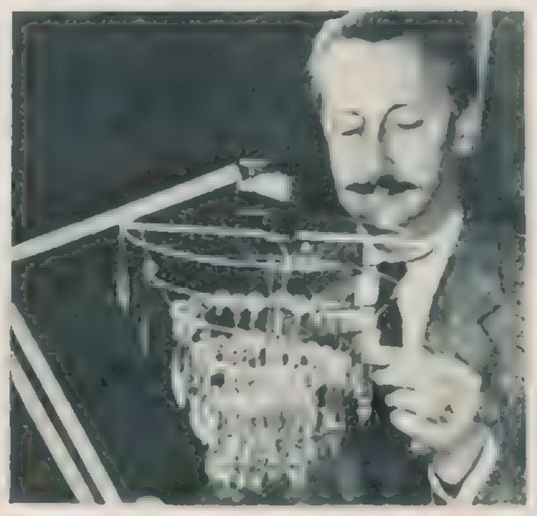
# *All a-glitter*

**The hall in our new home is Georgian in character. A crystal chandelier, we felt, would give it a welcome and appropriate sparkle. But there were other calls on the family budget and the chandelier had to wait. Then I discovered a new type of plastic crystal chandelier which I could assemble myself for a modest cost. Lighter and less fragile than cut glass, the plastic crystals have an authentic sparkle and prismatic glow.**

**The raw materials—a wire frame, a supply of 3-in. plastic crystal drops, a bag of hooked crystals and a packet of pliable pins easily bent by hand**

**A pin is threaded through the crystal and the drop and is bent to form a link which leaves the drop swinging freely. On the table are assembled drops**

**To assemble the chandelier I hung the wire and chain frame from the arm of my desk lamp. The crystals are shaped to hook neatly on to the wire rings**



**The instructions gave the number of crystals required for each of the five tiers. It was satisfying to see the chandelier beginning to take shape**

**Now the chandelier is finished and a-sparkle with light. Small irregularities in the spacing and hang of the crystals are adjusted. From start to finish the job took four hours. Kits for this and other chandelier designs are available from Martin Chandeliers, 3/5 Spray Street, St. Helens, Lancs, at prices ranging from £3 2s. 6d. upwards. My model "The Princes" cost £6 10s. plus 3s. 3d. postage**

# Montgomery

*continued from previous page*

complete agreement with my suggested plan. These were my notes:

"1. The quickest way to win this war is for the great mass of the Allied armies to advance northwards, clear the coast as far as Antwerp, establish a powerful air force in Belgium and advance into Ruhr.

"2. The force must operate as one whole, with great cohesion, and be so strong that it can do the job quickly.

"3. Single control and direction of the land operations is vital for success. This is a WHOLE-TIME job for one man.

"4. The great victory in N.-W. France has been won by personal command. Only in this way will future victories be won. If staff control of operations is allowed to creep in, then quick success becomes endangered.

"5. To change the system of command now, after having won a great victory, would be to prolong the war."

De Guingand reported to me the result of his talk with Eisenhower, which was negative, and I decided that I must see him myself. So I asked him if he would come to lunch with me at my Tac Headquarters the next day, August 23, at Condé-sur-Noireau. He accepted gladly.

I was anxious to have a further talk with Bradley before seeing Eisenhower. He had moved his headquarters to Laval and I flew there on the morning of August 23, early. I found to my amazement that Bradley had changed his mind: on August 17 he had agreed with me; on August 23 he was a wholehearted advocate of the main effort of his army group being directed eastwards on Metz and the Saar. I returned to my headquarters in time to meet Eisenhower, who had brought Bedell Smith with him.

## Sound plan needed

I asked Eisenhower if I could see him alone as I wanted his decision on certain vital matters of principle. He agreed, and we talked alone for one hour. I gave him my views about the immediate need for a firm and sound plan. I described to him my own suggested plan, which had originally been agreed by Bradley.

I said that if he adopted a broad-front strategy, with the whole line advancing and everyone fighting all the time, the advance would inevitably peter out, the Germans would be given time to recover and the war would go on all through the winter and well into 1945.

I also said that he, as Supreme Commander, should not descend into the land battle and become a ground C.-in-C.

After further talk, Eisenhower agreed that 21 Army Group was not strong enough to carry out the tasks on the northern thrust, alone and unaided. He agreed that whatever American assistance was necessary must be provided. He agreed that the task of co-ordination and general operational direction on the northern thrust must be exercised by one commander: me.

I said I wanted an American army of at least twelve divisions to advance on the right flank of 21 Army Group. He said that if this were done then 12 Army Group would have only one army in it, and public opinion in the States would object.

I asked him why public opinion should make us want to take military decisions which were definitely unsound. Possibly I went a bit far in urging on him my own plan, and did not give sufficient weight to the heavy political burden he bore.

To adopt my plan he must stop the man with the ball: Patton, and his Third American Army. Looking back on it all I often wonder if I paid sufficient heed to Eisenhower's notions before refuting them. I think I did. Anyhow he listened quietly. Ike is now one of my dearest friends and I never cease to marvel at his patience and forbearance with me on that occasion.

But my arguments were of no avail. The broad-front strategy was to be adopted and 12 Army Group, while thrusting forward on its left to support 21 Army Group, was to direct its main effort towards Metz and the Saar.

In the middle of all these troubles and disappointments I received the following message from the Prime Minister on the evening of August 31: "It gives me great pleasure to tell you that on my submission His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve your promotion to the rank of Field-Marshal with the date of September 1, thus recognizing your outstanding service in the memorable and possibly decisive battle which you have personally conducted in France. . . ."

The more I considered what we were setting out to do, the more certain I was that it was wrong. The British economy and man-power situation demanded victory in 1944: no later. Also, the war was bearing hardly on the mass of the people in Britain; it must be brought to a close quickly.

Eisenhower's plan of two thrusts, one to the Ruhr and one to the Saar, meant that everything had to be split—forces, air, maintenance, transport, rolling stock, etc. We were throwing overboard the principle of concentration of effort.

Eisenhower had his headquarters at Granville, on the west side of the Cherbourg peninsula. This was possibly a suitable place for a Supreme Commander, but it was useless for a land force commander who had to keep his finger on the pulse of his armies and give quick decisions in rapidly changing situations.

## One final thrust . . .

I decided to make one more approach to Eisenhower, in my efforts to get a sound plan adopted. I sent him a message on September 4, the day we captured Antwerp and Louvain.

"I consider we have now reached a stage where one really powerful and full-blooded thrust towards Berlin is likely to get there and thus end the German war.

"We have not enough maintenance resources for two full-blooded thrusts.

"There are only two possible thrusts: one via the Ruhr and the other via Metz and the Saar. In my opinion the thrust likely to give the best and quickest results is the northern one via the Ruhr.

"The matter is of such vital importance that I feel sure you will agree that a decision on the above lines is required at once."

## Ike does not agree

Eisenhower received my message on September 5. At 7.45 p.m. that day he sent me his reply. The signal communications at his Forward H.Q. were so inadequate that his reply reached me in two parts.

His message included: "While agreeing with your conception of a powerful and full-blooded thrust towards Berlin I do not agree that it should be initiated at this moment to the exclusion of all other manoeuvres.

"While we are advancing we will be opening the ports of Havre and Antwerp, which are essential to sustain a powerful thrust deep into Germany. No reallocation of our present resources would be adequate to sustain a thrust to Berlin.

"Accordingly my intention is initially to occupy the Saar and the Ruhr, and by the time we have done this Havre and Antwerp should be available to maintain one or both of the thrusts you mention."

I had been allotted the First Allied Airborne Corps and on September 3, the day we liberated Brussels, I had asked its commander (General Browning) to come and see me, so that we might discuss the general axis of the thrust towards the Rhine and the best areas in which to drop the airborne divisions.

On September 9 I received information from London that on the previous day the first V2 rockets had landed in England; it was suspected that they came from areas near Rotterdam and Amsterdam and I was asked when I could rope off those general areas. So far as I was concerned that settled the direction of the thrust line of my operations to secure crossings over the Meuse and Rhine; it must be towards Arnhem.

Eisenhower flew to Brussels on the afternoon of September 10. Tedder was with him and we had a good talk in Eisenhower's aircraft.

I explained my situation fully. I told him about the V2 rockets which had started to land in England and from whence they came. He said he had always intended to give priority to the Ruhr thrust and the northern route of advance, and that this was being done.

I said that it was *not* being done. He then said that by priority he did not mean "absolute priority," and he could not in any way scale down the Saar thrust.

I told him it was becoming clear that I would not be able to launch the large-scale operation towards Arnhem as soon as I had hoped and that this would give the enemy more time to recover. So long as he continued with two thrusts, with the maintenance split between the two, neither could succeed.

It was obvious that Eisenhower disagreed with my analysis. He repeated that we must first close to the Rhine and cross it on a wide front; then, and only then, could we concentrate on one thrust.

The next day, September 11, I sent Eisenhower a signal.

"I have investigated my maintenance situation very carefully since our meeting yesterday. Your decision that the northern thrust towards the Ruhr is NOT repeat NOT to have priority over other operations will have certain repercussions which you should know.

"The large-scale operations by Second Army and the Airborne Corps northwards towards the Meuse and Rhine cannot now take place before September 23 at the earliest and possibly September 26. This delay will give the enemy time to organize better defensive arrangements and we must expect heavier resistance and slower progress. . . . It is basically a matter of rail and road and air transport and unless this is concentrated to give impetus to the selected thrust then no one is going to get very far since we are all such a long way from our supply bases. . . ."

This message produced results which were almost electric. Bedell Smith came to see me next day to say that Eisenhower had decided to act as I recommended. The Saar thrust was to be stopped. Three American divisions were to be grounded and their transport used to supply extra maintenance to 21 Army Group. The bulk of the logistic support of 12 Army Group was to be given to the First American Army on my right and I was to be allowed to deal direct with General Hodges (the G.O.C. First American Army).

As a result of these promises I reviewed my plans with Dempsey and then fixed D-Day for the Arnhem operation (Market Garden) for Sunday, September 17.

I did not know until later (and perhaps it was as well that I didn't) that when General Patton heard of these decisions he decided, with Bradley's agreement, to get the Third American Army so involved beyond the Moselle that Supreme Headquarters would be able neither to reduce its maintenance nor to halt it.

## The prize is Berlin

On September 15, Eisenhower wrote me as follows:

"Dear Montgomery,

"We shall soon, I hope, be in possession of the Ruhr, the Saar and the Frankfurt area. I have been considering our next move. . . .

"Clearly, Berlin is the main prize, and the prize in defence of which the enemy is likely to concentrate the bulk of his forces. There is no doubt whatsoever, in my mind, that we should concentrate all our energies and resources on a rapid thrust to Berlin.

"Our strategy, however, will have to be co-ordinated with that of the Russians, so we must also consider alternative objectives. . . .

"(a) To direct forces of both Army Groups on Berlin astride the axes Ruhr-Hanover-Berlin *or* Frankfurt-Leipzig-Berlin, or both.

"(b) Should the Russians beat us to

Berlin, the Northern Group of Armies would seize the Hanover area and the Hamburg group of ports. The Central Group of Armies would seize part, or the whole, of Leipzig-Dresden, depending upon the progress of the Russian advance.

"(c) In any event, the Southern Group of Armies would seize Augsburg-Munich. The area Nuremberg-Regensburg would be seized by Central or Southern Group of Armies, depending on the situation at the time.

"It is not possible at this stage to indicate the timing of these thrusts or their strengths, but I shall be glad to have your views on the general questions raised in this letter.

"Sincerely,

(Sgd) DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER."

I considered this letter very carefully and sent him my reply on September 18:

"My dear Ike,

"It is my opinion that a concerted operation in which all the available land armies move forward into Germany is not possible; the maintenance resources, and the general administrative situation, will not allow of this being done QUICKLY. . . .

"It is my own personal opinion that we shall not achieve what we want by going for objectives such as Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich, etc., and by establishing our forces in central Germany.

"I consider that the best objective is the Ruhr, and thence on to Berlin by the northern route. On that route are the ports, and on that route we can use our sea power to the best advantage. On other routes we would merely contain as many German forces as we could. . . .

"In brief, I consider that as time is so very important, we have got to decide what is necessary to go to Berlin and finish the war; the remainder must play a secondary rôle. It is my opinion that three armies are enough, if you select the northern route, and I consider that, from a maintenance point of view, it could be done. I have not studied the southern route.

"Finally, to sum up: I recommend the northern route of advance via the Ruhr.

"Yours ever,

(Sgd) B. L. MONTGOMERY."

Eisenhower replied to this letter on September 20.

"Dear Monty,

"Generally speaking I find myself so completely in agreement with your letter of September 18 that I cannot believe there is any great difference in our concepts.

"Never at any time have I implied that I was considering an advance into Germany with all armies moving abreast.

"Specifically I agree with you in the following: My choice of routes for making the all-out offensive into Germany is from the Ruhr to Berlin. . . .

"I have already directed the chief of staff to arrange for the earliest possible meeting with all army group commanders and with supply people. I am quite confident that we see this thing almost identically. . . .

"When we get to the Rhine the next concern of Bradley's will be to put a strong, fully equipped army on his left to accompany you to Berlin.

"Sincerely,

(Sgd) DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER."

"Speaking!"

I replied at once to this letter by sending Eisenhower a signal:

"Dear Ike, Thank you very much for your letter of September 20. I cannot agree that our concepts are the same and I am sure you would wish me to be quite frank and open in the matter. I have always said stop the right and go on with left, but the right has been allowed to go on so far that it has outstripped its maintenance and we have lost flexibility. The net result of the matter in my opinion is that if you want to get the Ruhr you will have to put every single thing into the left hook and stop everything else. It is my opinion that if this is not done then you will not get the Ruhr. Your very great friend, Monty."

Eisenhower then summoned a conference at his headquarters at Versailles for the afternoon of September 22, to decide on a plan for the further conduct of the war. The situation at Arnhem was not good on that day, and farther south the Germans had to cut the corridor and established themselves on the main road between Veghel and Grave, south of Nijmegen. I decided that I could not leave the battle front and told de Guingand to represent me at the conference. Moreover, I knew I was not popular at either Supreme Headquarters, or with the American generals, because of my arguments about the conduct of the war.

That night de Guingand sent me a message from Versailles to the effect that Eisenhower had supported my plan one hundred per cent, and that the northern thrust was to be the main effort and get full support. I received this message early on September 23.

I could not help going back in my mind to my meeting with Eisenhower at my Tac Headquarters at Condé on August 23, when I had asked him to take the decision to support my plan. He had refused. Now at last, on September 23, I was told he had agreed and would support my plan. *He had taken the decision exactly one month too late.*

The maintenance situation all along the front got progressively worse. On October 7 I reported from Eindhoven the situation on the northern flank very fully to Eisenhower, and said I could not continue the planned operations to gain the line of the Rhine unless the maintenance resources allotted to these operations could be stepped up. I said I had asked Bradley to come and see me the next day to discuss the situation.

Knowing that Bradley would be with me at Eindhoven on October 8, Eisenhower sent us both a message giving his views on the problem that confronted us all. His message began (the italics are mine): "Basic difficulty on northern flank appears to be lack of strength in view of enemy reinforcement. Consequently, the plan for coordinated attack to Rhine must be postponed until strength can be gotten up which must come from U.S. divisions on the beach. *Nevertheless, plans of both army groups must retain as first mission the gaining of the line of the Rhine north of Bonn as quickly as humanly possible.*"

Bradley and I were unable to agree with this statement. It was our definite opinion that we must reduce the tempo of our operations towards the Rhine until we could improve the maintenance situation. I reported to Eisenhower accordingly and said I had stopped the operations of the Second Army towards the Ruhr and was now going to concentrate on opening up the approaches to Antwerp.

The next day I received a message from Eisenhower in which he stated (again the italics are mine): "Unless we have Antwerp producing by the middle of November, entire operations will come to a standstill. *I must emphasize that, of all our operations on our entire front from Switzerland to the Channel, I consider Antwerp of first importance.*"

This was a fundamental change from the message of the day before, in which the first mission of both army groups was given as "the gaining of the line of the Rhine north of Bonn as quickly as humanly possible." However, we did now all seem agreed on what was to be done.

Later in the month, when I had settled future plans with Dempsey, I moved into Brussels and joined up with my main H.Q.

On November 3 I informed Eisenhower: "I have to report to you that the approaches to Antwerp and the Scheldt estuary are completely free from enemy interference. All enemy resistance on the mainland south of Walcheren and in the Knocke area has now ceased and we have captured 14,000 prisoners in this area since crossing the Leopold Canal. The full and free use of the port of Antwerp is now entirely a naval matter."

## Profoundly grateful

The reply came: "Dear Monty, The capture of the Antwerp approaches will have the utmost significance for us and I am profoundly grateful to you personally for the energy you put into this matter. Will you please convey to the Commanding General of the Canadians my thanks and congratulations. (signed) Ike."

The proper development of Allied strategy north of the Seine will become one of the great controversies of military history.

At the time, I was, and I remain, of the opinion that in September, 1944, we failed to exploit fully the German disorganization consequent on their crushing defeat in the Battle of Normandy in August. The quickest way to end the German war was not merely to have the free use of Antwerp, as some have alleged. It was to act quickly in the middle of August, using the success gained in Normandy as a springboard for a hard blow which would finish off the Germans and at the same time give us the ports we needed on the northern flank. To do these things we had to have a plan and concentration of effort; we had neither.

The trouble was that Eisenhower wanted the Saar, the Frankfurt area, the Ruhr, Antwerp, and the line of the Rhine. I knew how desperately the Germans had fought in Normandy. To get *all* these in one forward movement was impossible. If Eisenhower had adopted my plan he could at least have got Antwerp and the Ruhr, with bridgeheads over the Rhine in the north, and would then have been very well placed. Or if he had adopted Bradley's plan he could have got the Saar and the Frankfurt area, with bridgeheads over the Rhine in the centre and south. But he was too optimistic. He compromised. He failed to get any of his objectives, and was then faced with a frustrating situation.

I was, of course, greatly disappointed. I had hoped that we might end the German war quickly, save tens of thousands of lives, and bring relief to the people of Britain.

But it was not to be.

© *Bernard Law, Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, 1958*

***NEXT WEEK:** Where we failed at Arnhem. Ike and I still disagree.... We chase the Germans across the Rhine*

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CHRISTMAS—4

The chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to everyone because everyone can understand it.

A. R. Kimball

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**NEXT WEEK** **IS YOUR CHILD AN INFANT PRODIGY?**

*A fascinating article by* KEITH ELLIS

**GOING PLACES:** *a complete guide to holidays . . .* **by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS**

*Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.*

# We advise...

**I HAVE one son and two daughters. How can I ensure that the daughters have no claim on any money I leave when I die?—J. H., Luton, Beds.**

● If your daughters are unmarried and you leave them unprovided for in your will, they could apply to a court for maintenance out of your estate, under the Inheritance (Family Provisions) Act.

If they are married they would have no claim. One way for you would be to form a trust in favour of your son. For this you should consult a solicitor.

### FLATLY, NO

**THE specification of the new car I bought stated tubeless tyres, but after having had constant flat tyres I found that two of the tyres were the ordinary kind—without tubes. The makers say I have no claim against them, except for replacement of the two tyres. Could I obtain compensation in respect of the danger which their mistake put me in?—F. C. S., Pennycross, Plymouth.**

● Unless you suffered any actual damage through the negligence of the vendor in supplying you with the wrong tyres, you would have no claim for compensation.

### THOSE BONDS

**I AM godmother to a little girl and recently tried to buy a Premium Bond for her at the local post office. The clerk said I could not—although in "John Bull" ("Free Speech," November 29) the G.P.O. stated that a godmother was a responsible person and could buy bonds for a child.—Mrs. W. A., Ewell, Surrey.**

● "We are sorry about this misunderstanding," says the G.P.O. "When Premium Bonds are bought for a child, the parent or guardian is required to sign the application form. The signature of a godparent cannot be accepted.

"This is because the person signing the form will control the bonds until the child reaches the age of sixteen.

"Anyone can buy a bond for a child by presenting an application form signed by the parent or guardian. And a simple way to make a gift of a bond is by Premium Savings Bond Gift Tokens."

### HOW TO SPOIL A VIEW

**COULD you tell me if it is possible to glaze a clear window to make it opaque?—Mrs. D. J., Catford.**

● Your local glass merchant can show you samples of reeded, sandblasted or cathedral glasses.

All are decorative obscured glasses suitable for the job. The merchant will cut a piece to fit your window.

### I'M A MIXTURE

**MY father was an Indian from Cawnpore and my mother's parents were an Irish lady and a half-Spanish West Indian. I was born in Blackpool in 1930 and have spent virtually all my life in England, apart from army service. I would like to know whether I am a British subject and the status of my children.—A. H. B., Kettering, Northants.**

● As you were born in England prior to January 1, 1949, you are not affected by the British Nationality Act of that date.

Therefore, you and your wife and children are British subjects.

### WANTS TO BE A BEAK

**WHAT are the first steps to be taken in order to be considered as a Justice of the Peace?—L. T., Welling, Kent.**

● When the Home Office considers that there is a need for more magistrates, the lord lieutenants of the counties concerned are notified. Through them, a large range of communal bodies are informed and asked to submit names for consideration.

These bodies include Rotary clubs, chambers of commerce, political parties, townswomen's guilds.

Groups of people can also submit names to the lord lieutenant whose address can be obtained from your local council offices.

### OLD-AGE EARNINGS

**I AM seventy-one and, although retired, have taken up a part-time job. How much can I earn before I start paying income tax?—J. W. N., Meadows, Nottingham.**

● You will start to pay tax if your income exceeds £440 a year, roughly £8 9s. 3d. a week.

### CAN THEY TAX?

**IF a British subject, who normally resides abroad and visits the U.K. for three months every fifteen months, decides to stay in the U.K. after four or five years, does he become liable for British income tax on all previous earnings overseas?—R. G. K., Takoradi, Ghana.**

● If you go abroad for more than three years you will not be considered a British resident if your visits to the U.K. during that period do not exceed six months in any one year, and do not average more than three months a year over a four-year period.

A person who goes abroad for less than three years will be regarded as a resident except for any tax year spent completely abroad.

If you have been employed abroad and your visits have been for leave purposes only, there will be no liability for a year of non-residence.

### BETTER SAFE . . .

**FIBREGLASS would cost too much to insulate my loft, but I have read that newspaper is a good substitute. Can you tell me if there is any danger of fire if I use paper?—Miss M. J., Bromborough, Cheshire.**

● Newspaper would increase the risk of fire. There are a number of cheaper materials on the market, such as Silver Stormax or Sunfoil aluminium sheeting, obtainable from local builders' merchants.

### MEDICAL AMENDMENT

**WHAT is the procedure for changing one's doctor on moving out of a district? And how does one notify the authorities about a change of name on being married?—Mrs. W. S., Ash, Surrey.**

● If you wish to change your doctor on moving, you should go to the doctor you now wish to have and complete the space relating to this on your medical card.

The doctor will then send this to the executive council and the name change can be recorded at the same time.

If you do not wish to change your doctor you must write to the executive council quoted on your card and explain that your name and address have been changed.

### KICK-OUT THREAT

**AN eviction order says we have to be out of our house by January 10. I have been refused a council house. Can the landlady turn us out into the street?—A. W. T., Hull.**

● As an eviction order has been made, you will be obliged to quit by the stated date.

If you refuse, you can be removed, but in such cases local councils generally provide some kind of accommodation.

## Worth Noting

**ROGER SMITHELLS**

**keeps practical homelovers up to date**

**Slack fires.** When such a large proportion of the coal we get seems to be slack, a device which allows us to use it on the fire is very welcome. The Glo-worm does just this. An ingenious construction of perforated metal with a coiled core, it will create enough draw on the cold air flowing into the grate to make the slack burn with a bright flame. Do not use Glo-worms with coke, as this makes them so hot that they melt. They cost 6s. each and are made by the Bradshaw Engineering Co., 425 Redditch Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham, 30. Get them direct from their mail order department.

**Toe comfort.** Getting out of bed on cold mornings loses half its horror if there is a warm fleecy rug beside the bed to put your feet on. One of the prettiest I have seen is made by Morlands of Glastonbury in the same pattern as a mottled sheep carries on its back—dark grey shaded to off-white, or brown shaded to cream. Few real mottled sheep are left: these rugs are a clever copy. Prices from £5 15s., in several shapes from leading furnishing stores.

**Oven tip.** A saucer of ammonia placed in the oven overnight will help loosen the dirt and grease before cleaning.

**A mighty midget** for the home or workshop is the Haltrac Midget Hoist, which although it is pocket-size and weighs only 1 lb., can be used to lift 1,000 lb. The midget hoist used instead of a loft ladder is an effortless way of lifting heavy trunks into the attic. It has countless uses in the garden—and workshop—you can use it to grub up the trunks of small trees, and even to drag the car out of a ditch. Made by Haltrac, Ltd., of Bourne Works, Weimar Street, London, S.W.15, the midget hoist costs 57s. 6d.

**Outlook clearer.** A new, quick-drying window cleaner has just come on to the market. Used straight from the bottle, Teals Window Clean will clear off any dirt or fly specks, and leave no haze. It costs 1s. 4d. a bottle from hardware and domestic stores.

**Taps for the handyman.** Washer changes which involve turning off the main are out of date when you have Supataps in the house. These have a built-in check valve which stops the waterflow when you unscrew the tap to get at the washer. You can also fit these taps with coloured nylon earpieces to match decorations in your bath or kitchen, in red, black, primrose, green, pink, blue or ivory. Supataps are made in all domestic sizes. Details from F. H. Bourner and Co. (Engineers), Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex.

**Non-rust rails.** To keep curtain runners free of rust, give them an occasional rub with paraffin.

**Stain and scale remover.** Stains that appear on the surface of the bath are varied in cause, but alike in obstinacy when it comes to removing them. Ataka Bath Stain and Kettle Scale remover is a new two-purpose liquid, especially made to remove hard water stains and also those caused by the metal of the pipes. It will also remove tiresome scale from kettles in hard-water areas. The remover costs 2s. 6d. a bottle from hardware and domestic stores.

### HAVE YOU A TIP?

**If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column, send it to Roger Smithells, "John Bull and Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip which is published.**

# WIN £750 CASH
## for FUN WITH WORDS!

CHRISTMAS is just the time to enjoy *extra* Fun With Words in Bullets! Have that fun in this *one-week* Contest and you can win up to £750 *plus* this £50 week of thrills:

***Monday*, a £15 RADIO. *Tuesday*, a £6 10s. TOASTER. *Wednesday*, a £10 EIDERDOWN. *Thursday*, £3 PEN AND PENCIL SET. *Friday*, SURPRISE GIFT. *Saturday*, £10 GROCERY CASE!**

To make all that *yours*—or any of this week's 1,570 prizes—make sure you post your coupon below by Monday, January 5!

## FORTUNE plus SIX WONDERFUL EXTRAS

**£300 FIRST PRIZE**

**£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.,**

*If your First Prize Bullet this week is adjudged best of Contests 2,172, 2,173, 2,174, your £300 First Prize will be increased to £750 plus £50 "Gift-a-Day" Week.*

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**1,500 "Good Shots" each with £1,000 surprise**

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**WAY TO WIN**

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

| | |
|---|---|
| To Help Britain | Demon Drink |
| In Winter's Blitz | Shock For The Bandit |
| We Believe | Glorified |
| Peter Pan Winston | The Worm Turned And |
| Feast Of Memories | Electronics Expert |
| Youth Has Its Fling, So | Frozen With Horror |
| Wise Boss | To Herself |
| Star Of The Party | Going Like Hot Cakes |
| Slaving Away | A Mouthful |
| A Hoary Old Myth | In A Lonely Lighthouse |

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

| | |
|---|---|
| Quick Way To..... | Might Make A..... |
| Eoka's..... | With The Plumber's..... |
| At The.....Meeting | If.....Doesn't Stop |

EXAMPLE ..... 1s.

BULLET

EX. ..... 1s.

B.

EX. ..... 1s.

B.

EX. ..... 4th BULLET FREE WITH 3 PAID

B.

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**2,173** Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, JANUARY 5**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee as indicated above.

Signed.....

Address.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

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Name.....

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## ANOTHER £750 OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

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Bullets No. 2,169 Result:

**£500** A. Eke, "Kalena," Westbury Street, Elland, Yorks:
**Decorating The Windows—Frost—The Mantelpiece, "Warmth."**

**£25** Miss D. E. Taylor, 69 Beaconsfield Road, Leicester: **Old Man 1958—In Rocking-chair? *Rocket Seat*!**

**£10** plus TV Bonus as offered: Mrs. F. Anderson, Schoolhouse, St. Fergus, Peterhead: **When It Comes To Christmas—Remember The "Lonely First"!**

**£9** A. L. Hoverd, 12 Rothesay Avenue, Coventry: **The Terrible Loneliness—Neighbour Described—Like *Mine*!**

**£8** R. G. Knights, 26 Dempster Avenue, Goole: **On The Christmas Stage—Produce *Mum's* Glass, Slippers!**

**£7** W. Sharrock, 375 Warrington Road, Goose Green, Wigan: **It's A Horror Film, So—Nobody Noticed *Cashier's* Screams!**

**£6** E. Morris, 24 Chesterfield Road, Goring, Worthing: **Jingle Of Sleigh-bells — Along "Murder Mile"—Mail-van!**

**£5** E. Grimston, 160 Alnwickhill Road, Edinburgh: **It's A Horror Film, So—Kiddies Left Behind—Terrified!**

**£5** Miss B. Summers, c/o 21 King Street, Kingswood, Bristol: **Decorating The Family—"Tree," My Christmas *Bonus*!**

**£5** F. Woods, 88 Dacre Park, London, S.E.13: **Round The Telly—Grandparents—Films Recapturing *Courtship*!**

(Each winner above receives also "Golden Cracker" as offered.)

For ten winners of £3 plus "Golden Cracker" see *Bullets Bulletin*. 1,600 other awards have also been posted.

**Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.**

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 31), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

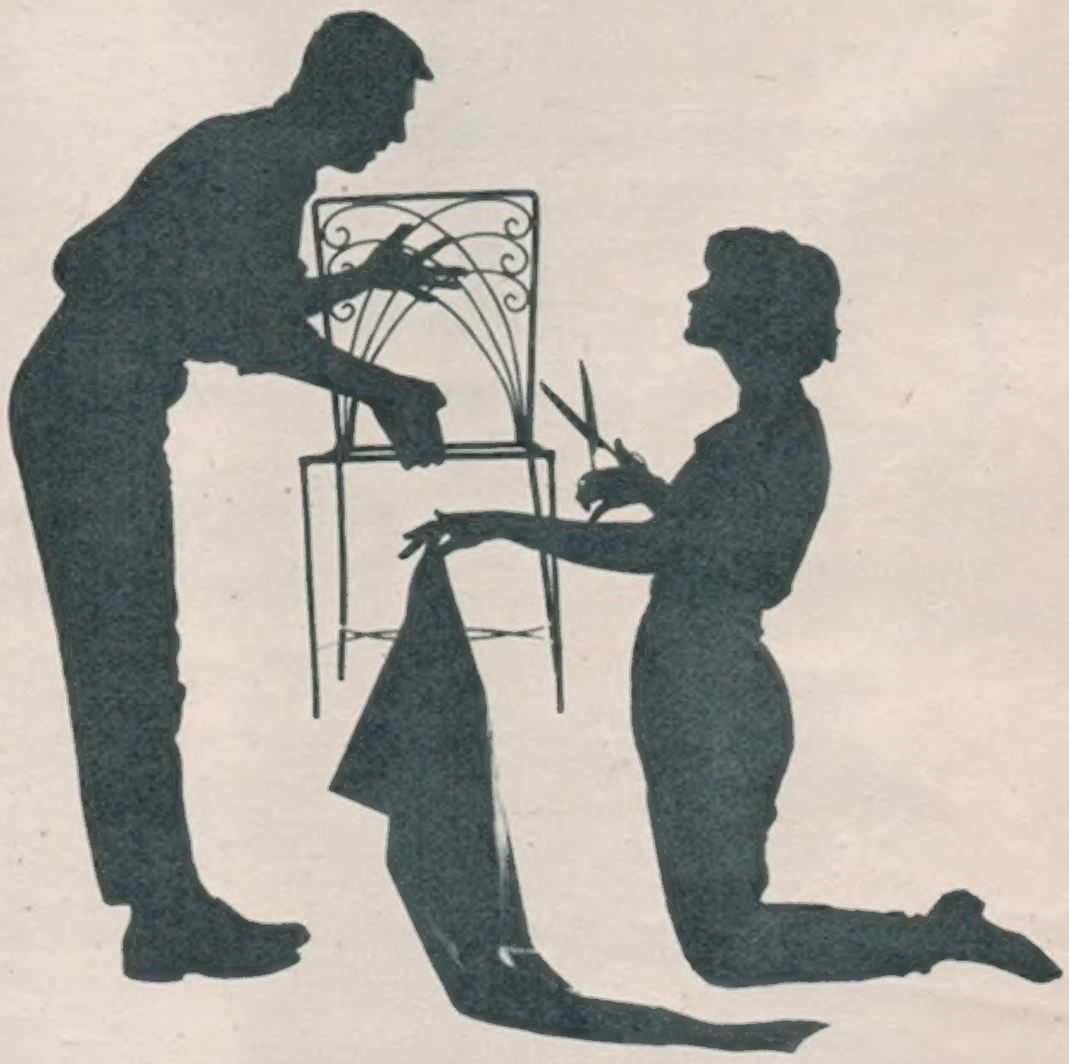
**(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 17, for early news of No. 2,173 result.)**

## POST ENTRY

Bullets 2,173, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99


# Watch out for ODHAMS

# Homemaker



# The Wonderful New Full-Colour HOMEMAKING MAGAZINE

# COMING SOON!



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# Wonderful Guide to
# READY-MADE HOUSES

## Ideal Home

### Presents the
### PLANS, PHOTOS, PRICES, LOCATIONS & DETAILS OF 11 READY-MADE HOMES

In the January issue, now on sale—selecting from scores of housing projects—Ideal Home shows you eleven homes, representative of some of the best in the country. Exclusively in Ideal Home you can read the unbiased criticisms and comments of our experts, and see photographs of interiors and exteriors, plans, locations and costs.

### Choose YOUR house from these:

**A Dormy 4-bedroom chalet house** at £4,495 freehold, with detached garage. Ideal Home suggests two contrasting ways to decorate it. **A detached 2-bedroom, split-level bungalow** at £3,500 constructed with natural granite and cedar boarding. **A 3-bedroom flat** with 99 years' lease for £4,050 (g.r. £32) in a garden estate, by Span Developments. **A 2-bedroom, semi-detached house,** £2,895, with tiled roof and tiled front elevation. **Scandinavian small semi-detached house** with 3 bedrooms and Fibreglass insulation, about £2,000. **Bermudan Bungalow, semi-detached,** about £1,800. **A detached, 3-bedroom house** with "golden" bricks and garage attached, £2,995. **A detached, 3-bedroom house** in open-plan which includes the stairs. With garage £3,200. **A Wimpey bungalow** with garage. Planned for family living space. 3 bedrooms. About £2,995. **A detached house, Tantallon II,** with 2 large bedrooms and one small. £3,600 including garage. **A 4-bedroom house** in Meranti wood and local stone, with garage and loggia—£4,395. All these prices are liable to variation according to area.

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**AN OPEN HOUSE PARTY**
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# Ideal Home

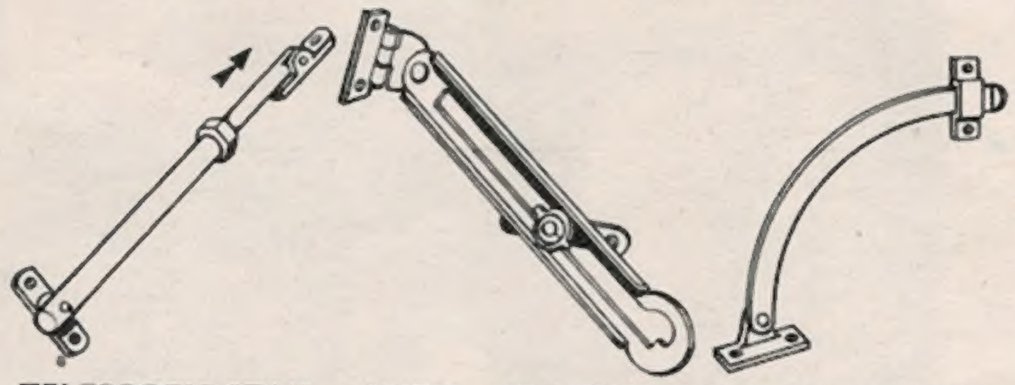
## NOW ON SALE 2/3d.

**KEEP THIS**

**Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house.**

*Handyman Guide 14*

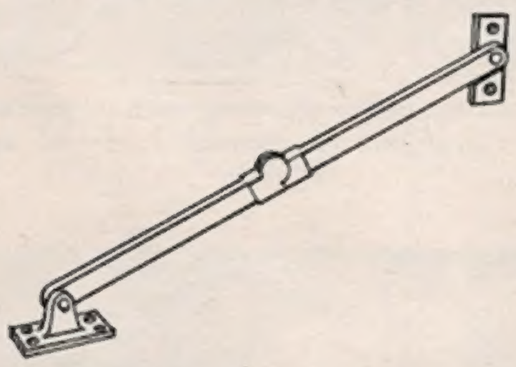
# STAYS AND STRUTS



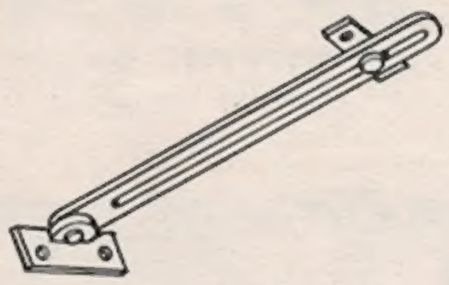
**TELESCOPIC STAY.** Many different sizes of this stay are made. Held open by friction. Best for supporting lids of gramophones etc.

**AUTO LID STAY.** For gramophone, or cabinet lids. Lift, then lower the lid and it is supported. Lift again and lower, and it shuts

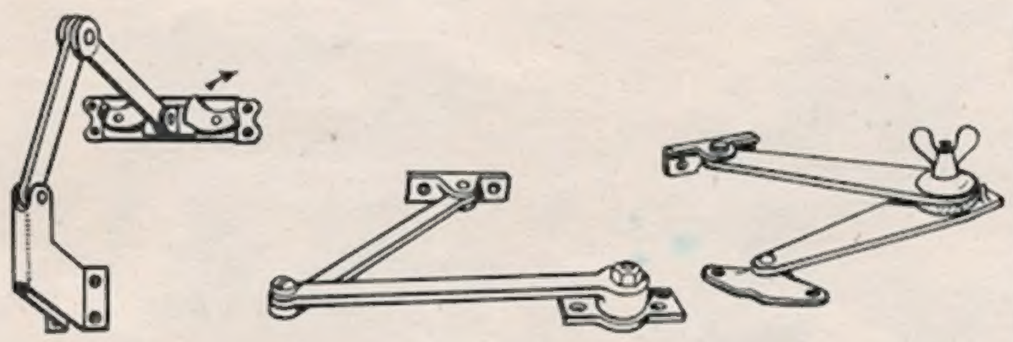
**QUADRANT STAY.** Two types are made: a small, usually brass, one for desk flaps, and a larger, iron one, for fanlights, bottom hung



**DESK STAY.** This stay is used for flap-fronted desks, or dressing tables. The joint must be pulled out before the stay can close. Made in brass



**SHADBOLT STAY.** This stay is used to stop a door opening beyond a certain point. The opening is set by positioning the fixing plates



**MIRROR STAY.** Used on dressing table mirrors, fixed to the table and the back of the mirror frame. Allows the mirror to be tilted

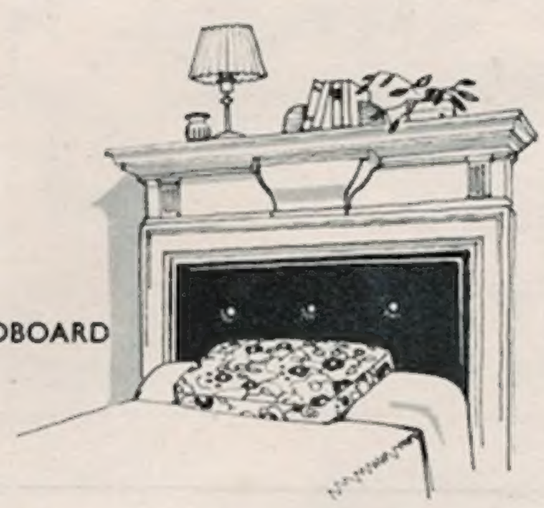
**FRICTION STAY** for casement windows that open outwards. A type is also made for casements that open in. Chromed, brass or bronze

**FRICTION STAY** for casement windows opening in or out. Friction is adjustable by a wing nut. Can also be used on hinged lids, flaps

*It's an idea*

## SURPRISE BEDHEAD




This week's guinea-winning idea comes from Mrs. Belville, "Rockwells," Fountain Drive, London, S.E.19, whose old house has rather ornate fireplaces. She has camouflaged one of these fireplaces by turning it into a bedhead for a divan bed. A padded headboard is made to fit tightly into the fireplace surround and fixed in position with wedges beneath. The mantelshelf provides a useful place for books, reading lamp and oddments.

**Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.**



# The Pipstead letters

*continued from page 6*

herself and was enjoying herself, it recalled that Mrs. Peters was a notoriously unreliable witness and that Liz Canning was colour blind. The poison-pen letters continued to arrive but they could surely never have been written by anyone who was getting so much out of life as our Trudy. People began to speak to her again, and then to go out of their way to speak to her, and finally, in a rush of remorse, to turn downright effusive. But fewer and fewer of them had a good word to say for Sergeant Swann.

One morning—very early one morning—Bill and Trudy returned to Trudy's bungalow from the charity ball at Camchester; in a swirl of the gilt brocade of her fifteen-guinea evening gown, Trudy stepped from the two-colour car, handed out by Bill Weatherby sedately black and white in his dinner jacket. And a tall dark shadow detached itself from the shadow of the box tree by the gate.

"Why, it's Jack Swann," said Bill. "I never knew sergeants stayed up so late at night."

"Just a check on the night beats," said the sergeant. "But I thought I might run into you two, knowing which end of the candle you like to burn. By the way, the Pipstead mystery's cleared up: we know who wrote those letters."

"And about time!" said Bill.

"Surely you wouldn't arrest me at this time of night, sergeant?" said Trudy.

The sergeant grinned good-naturedly. "You'll never guess who it was. Old Cy Lawrence's wife, Edie. Fact. We took her more or less red-handed—or maybe I ought to say green-fingered. She told us everything. Comes up tomorrow, charged with criminal libel."

He turned on his heel. "I thought you'd like to know," he said.

Sensational news! Trudy took Bill into the bungalow and made coffee while they discussed it.

Bill was very pleased with himself. "Of course I never thought you wrote those letters," he said. "I knew better than that. I only thought maybe you might write something like them in ten years' time. It seemed to me the old Trudy I knew at school ought to be hiding around somewhere if I could only find her. And I did find her, didn't I?"

"Did you?"

"Of course I did," said Bill. "I made you a changed woman."

"I don't deny it," said Trudy.

"Of course," said Bill, "I had my reasons. I think the Bill Weatherby treatment was a pretty good cure, but there's another name for it. When a man begins taking a girl out they call it courting. So do I, and so do you."

"Do I?"

"Why, of course you do, Trudy! Let's have the banns read for the first time next Sunday. What do you say?"

What Trudy did say, very firmly, was "No."

"But Trudy. . . ." Never was there a more astonished man than Bill Weatherby.

"I couldn't ever marry a man who'd made me a changed woman," Trudy told him. "Why, every time we quarrelled about the housekeeping money, you'd remind me of it. Talk about taking a wife for granted: you even do it before the ceremony. Oh no, Bill; it just wouldn't work."

"You can't mean it, Trudy," he said. "You can't! Do you want to live all your life an old maid?"

"And that," she said, "is simply insulting. You don't think it possible that any other man should want to marry me? But there's one who does; quite a wealthy man who owns a printing works. He's asked me twice already."

"Printing works?" cried Bill. "Not Toby Lewis? You surely don't——"

"The very same," said Trudy.

"You danced with him tonight," said Bill angrily. "And we met him that evening at Antonio's. But dammit, Trudy, you hardly know him."

"Oh, but I do. He took me to Chong's the other week. Such a very nice man—he always knows what wines to order without having to ask the waiter, like you do. And then we went to the boat racing at Crawshay Ponds. . . ."

"You never told me."

"Well, I didn't expect you to tell me what *you* did on the other nights of the week, did I? Besides, I thought it might annoy you."

"You're dead right there," said Bill fiercely. "I did at least expect some sort of gratitude. All right then!" He was raising his voice quite unnecessarily. "I hope you'll be very happy," he declared, with an expression of the utmost rage and ferocity. "There. That's the end of the treatment. It's all over now. Good night."

And he slammed the door very rudely as he left.

Very nearly three weeks passed before he saw her again. She was waiting at the bus stop at Marlow Cross and he stopped and offered her a lift into Camchester in his car.

For two miles they said nothing. Then Bill asked: "And how's old Toby?"

"Oh, very well, thank you."

"Jolly nice chap," said Bill. "One of the best. I suppose you've been around together quite a bit now?"

"Oh, almost every day," Trudy told him. "Antonio's twice this week, the Embassy, Quaver Park—you know, all the usual places. Today's the first time I haven't seen him . . . oh, for weeks."

They were approaching the highest part of Thurlow Common. Trudy looked at Bill inquiringly when he pulled off the road and stopped.

"I'm a friend of yours, Trudy," Bill said. "I wouldn't like to see you make a mistake. There's one rather odd thing about Toby Lewis I feel it's my duty to tell you."

"Oh, Bill," she said, "you disappoint me. You're as bad as the wretched creature who wrote those letters. I never really thought you'd stoop to slander. It isn't manly. But I suppose you'll have to tell me. What is this terrible thing you know about Toby?"

"Why, just this," he said. "Two weeks ago he sailed on a three-week cruise from Southampton. He was in Madeira when he sent me a postcard."

Trudy said nothing.

"I thought you ought to know," said Bill.

Trudy was still silent.

"Of course," said Bill, "he may have a twin brother and. . . ."

"Anyway," said Trudy defiantly, "he *did* ask me to marry him."

"Most natural thing in the world," he told her. "I did the very same thing."

"But you didn't!" she cried indignantly. "You just took it for granted that. . . ."

"I'm a damned fool," Bill said. "As a psychologist I'm a pretty good motor mechanic. Look, Trudy, let me have another chance. I love you. I want to marry you. Will you?"

"I'm not going to miss anything," she told him. "I want the whole treatment with trimmings. You can take me to Antonio's for lunch, and over to Quaver Park this afternoon, and then we'll have dinner at the Falcon on the terrace by the river. And then, if the moon's shining and I can smell the roses . . . well, you ask me again."

Bill Weatherby kissed her. "Romance!" he cried, "Here we come!"

The two-colour car zoomed away towards Camchester. THE END

© *Clive Burnley, 1958*

**CHRISTMAS—2**

Man is a creature who buys football tickets three months in advance and waits until Christmas Eve to do his gift shopping.

Jacob M. Braude